Encounter

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LESSON 2

Dog up the wrong tree, Barking, Essex.

GUINNESS

Flora & Fauna

Forstrengthia Biceps.

TREES play an important part in British sport, the most poplar being the Oaks, the Willow and the Ashes. Most British trees are insidious, like the Spreading Chestnut Tree, and when their leaves get browned off, especially round the Mulberry Bush, they all fall down. The British are very fond of Flora of the genus *Guinnessis Goodforia*. (See illustration.)

Domestics animals.

THE BRITISH are very fond of *Animals*. Animals, too, are very fond of the British. That is why there are very few wild animals in this country. The Britons, however, get very wild sometimes when they cannot get a Guinness because the Bear or the Lion is closed.

THE BRITISH do not have *Insects* the way some people have insects. They have Moths, which live on holes, and Butterflies, which are collected. The most popular of these are the Red General (*omnibus londinium*), the Bridewell Beauty, and the Antigua Puce.

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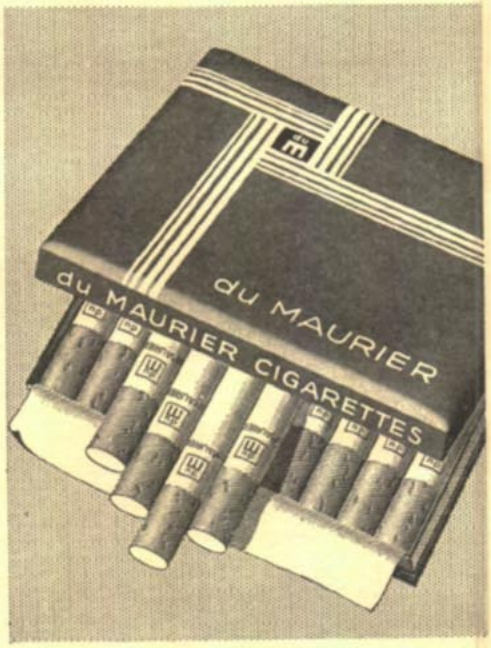

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edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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Theodore Roethke

Sequence

In a Dark Time

I

In a dark time, the eye begins to see.
I meet my shadow in the deepening shade;
I hear my echo in the echoing wood—
A lord of nature weeping to a tree.
I live between the heron and the wren,
Beasts of the hill and serpents of the den.

II

What's madness but nobility of soul
At odds with circumstance? The day's on fire!
I know the purity of pure despair,
My shadow pinned against a sweating wall.
That place among the rocks—is it a cave,
Or winding path? The edge is what I have.

III

A steady storm of correspondences!
A night flowing with birds, a ragged moon,
And in broad day the midnight come again!
A man goes far to find out what he is—
Death of the self in a long, tearless night,
All natural shapes blazing unnatural light.

IV

Dark, dark my light, and darker my desire.
My soul, like some heat-maddened summer fly,
Keeps buzzing at the sill. Which I is *I*?
A fallen man, I climb out of my fear.
The mind enters itself, and God the mind,
And one is One, free in the tearing wind.

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Elegy

Her face like a rain-beaten stone on the day she rolled off
With the dark hearse, and enough flowers for an alderman,—
And so she was, in her way, Aunt Tilly.

Sighs, sighs, who says they have sequence?
Between the spirit and the flesh,—what war?
She never knew;
For she asked no quarter and gave none,
Who sat with the dead when the relatives left,
Who fed and tended the infirm, the mad, the epileptic,
And, with a harsh rasp of a laugh at herself,
Faced up to the worst.

I recall how she harried the children away all the late summer
From the one beautiful thing in her yard, the peachtree;
How she kept the wizened, the fallen, the misshapen for herself,
And picked and pickled the best, to be left on rickety doorsteps.

And yet she died in agony,
Her tongue, at the last, thick, black as an oxen's.

Terror of cops, bill collectors, betrayers of the poor,—
I see you in some celestial supermarket,
Moving serenely among the leeks and cabbages,
Probing the squash,
Bearing down, with two steady eyes,
On the quaking butcher.

Light Listened

O what could be more nice
Than her ways with a man?
She kissed me more than twice
Once we were left alone.
Who'd look when he could feel?
She'd more sides than a seal.

The close air faintly stirred.
Light deepened to a bell,
The love-beat of a bird.
She kept her body still
And watched the weather flow.
We live by what we do.

All's known, all, all around;
The shape of things to be;
The green thing loves the green
And loves the living ground.
The deep shade gathers night;
She changed with changing light.

We met to leave again
The time we broke from time;
A cold air brought its rain,
The singing of a stem.
She sang a final song;
Light listened when she sang.

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Philip Williams

The Algerian Tragedy

THE ALGERIAN war began just six years ago. In the small hours of a Monday morning, November 1st, 1954, seventy small groups of Arabs all over the country attacked police stations and public buildings and vehicles with their home-made bombs and old hunting-rifles.

Almost everywhere, the raids failed completely; only in the wild Aurès mountains near the Tunisian border, a turbulent area since Roman times, did they develop into yet another local rising. In that region a group of fifteen rebels stopped a bus and shot two passengers, a young French schoolteacher and his wife. Germaine Tillion, the ethnologist (well known to readers of ENCOUNTER*) was in the mountains at the time; she reports that Moslem opinion unanimously condemned the murder. Only two years later, Moslem children in the Algiers Casbah cheered when the ambulances rushed past to the scene of a successful terrorist outrage. And after four further years this bitter little war continues to absorb the military strength of France, and to sap the moral credit of the West.

By 1960 the endless conflict was provoking a "crisis of the French conscience," especially among young men awaiting their call-up. Some *insoumis* went into hiding or exile. A few even (through the "Jeanson network") offered their services to the Algerian nationalists; twenty of these went on trial in September. A former head of the Algiers police testified in court to the tortures and disappearances against which they were protesting. A manifesto by 121 artists, teachers, and intellectuals justified their motives and excused *insoumission*. And the Cardinals and Archbishops of France, the Protestant Assembly and the Teachers' Federation, while condemning both *insoumission* and torture, all confirmed that the malaise of youth was both widespread and sincere.

These events harmed the Right; but they also brought the Left into disrepute. At the Jeanson trial, the interminable obstruction of some defence lawyers alienated their warmest sympathisers. Jean-Paul Sartre affirmed that the Algerian nationalists were fighting for French liberties; Francis Jeanson himself, from Switzerland, expressed surprise that they had shot so few French prisoners. These provocative statements brought the popular reaction and the official repression which their authors (believing "fascism" to be the necessary "prelude to revolution") had probably intended. True to form, the government played into their hands, seizing journals which discussed *insoumission* (even disapprovingly); prosecuting some of the 121 for inciting desertion; suspending civil servants and teachers who had signed; and banning any radio or TV appearance by signatories, or any mention of their names or works. Even Jacques Soustelle condemned this "mean, petty administrative persecution."

OPINION WAS HARDENING on the other side too.

> Abandoning French sovereignty in Algeria is an illegitimate act; it outlaws those who commit it and their accomplices, and places those who oppose it, by whatever means, in a state of legitimate self-defence.

Thus Michel Debré, now de Gaulle's Premier, in 1957. Counsel for the Right-wing insurgent leaders of January, 1960 (who went on trial in November), used Debré's words to present them as defenders of republican legality. Meanwhile prominent generals like Salan were demanding drastic action against those who incited disaffection, while themselves threatening to dis-

* *Cf.* her "Algeria in 1958," ENCOUNTER (July, 1958) and "The Terrorist" (December, 1958).

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obey a government whose policies they disapproved. Responsible student leaders feared that the *insoumission* of the generals would encourage that of the next batch of conscripts. They tried to divert their followers by a massive peace demonstration of the entire Left; it was boycotted by the Communists and beaten up by the police. Each side, feeding on the other's excesses, prepared to defy the law. The Gaullists of 1940 and 1958 had denied the legitimacy of previous régimes. Now their own faced a double challenge.

The "Europeans"

ALGERIA is a huge country, nine-tenths of it desert. Even in the inhabited north, only a fifth of the area can be cultivated. But on this land of poor soil and resources, with hardly any industry, live over a million Europeans and nearly nine million Moslems.

Five-sixths of the Europeans were born in the country; thus their roots go much deeper than those of their less numerous opposite numbers in Tunisia and Morocco, Kenya and Rhodesia. Many of their forebears were Alsatians escaping from German rule, or democratic refugees, fleeing from repressive government in France; Pierre Lagaillarde, leader of the right-wing insurrections of May 13th, 1958, and January 24th, 1960, claims descent from a famous democratic deputy killed on the barricades. Others are of Spanish, Italian, or Maltese origin—and the more fiercely "French" in consequence. The indigenous Jews, who to-day number 140,000, were granted French citizenship in 1871.

Only one European in twenty now lives on the land. Of these true *colons*, about three hundred are rich, and about a dozen enormously wealthy. Their urban compatriots have overwhelmingly dominated business, the professions, and (until recently) the public service. Indeed the European minority accounts for three-quarters of Algeria's more prosperous groups, which enjoy an average income rather above that of Frenchmen at home. But the prosperous groups comprise less than a third of the European community; and the income of the remaining 70 per cent is only half the figure in France. These poor whites—the postmen and teachers, clerks and tram-drivers—are, of course, the most afraid of Arab competition. The rich can send their capital to France (and lately have been exporting more than the Constantine Plan brings in). The poor have no such easy escape.

In normal times, the rich have dominated European politics. Most of them have been conscienceless reactionaries, clinging to every privilege and fighting every measure to improve the Moslems' lot. Strong supporters of Pétain during the war, they operated before and afterwards mainly through the metropolitan Radical Party. As skilful lobbyists with large funds, great experience, and a powerful influence on the Algiers administration, they were usually able to impose their wishes on the weak and timid ministries which—theoretically—ruled in Paris.

In times of crisis, however, the European poor have often turned to less orthodox leadership. They were revolutionary in 1871, violently anti-semitic in 1898, often Socialist or Communist after 1945. But well before the 1954 revolt began, class conflict had given way to racial alarms, and most of the reactionary insurgents of January, 1960, came from Bab-el-Oued, a working-class suburb and former Communist stronghold.

Far more dangerous than the Left were the right-wing advocates of fascism and dictatorship. Joseph Ortiz led the Bab-el-Oued workers, Pierre Lagaillarde organised the students, Robert Martel appealed to the farmers of the Algiers neighbourhood. In normal times their movements were tiny; but in a crisis they swelled overnight, as the European population were seized by the fear of betrayal. So, in January, 1960, they became suddenly representative of a fear-stricken population, and even moderate politicians hastened to their defence —among them a Gaullist senator who had only recently warned against the blind folly of trying to repeat the 13th of May.

The Moslems

THE nine million Moslems have for thirty years been among the fastest growing populations in the world. Well over half of them are under twenty, and their numbers are doubling every twenty-five years. Most are Arab-speaking, but about a third are descended from the country's original inhabitants, the Berbers, who have been driven back into the hills by successive invaders. The Berbers live mainly in the rugged Kabyle mountains east of Algiers (parts of which are as heavily populated as Belgium), in the capital itself, and in the Aurès mountains to the east. There seems to be little substance in French claims that Arab-Berber antagonism seriously divides the nationalist movement.

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There is no segregationist legislation in Algeria, no separate seating on buses or distinct queues in the post-offices; in so far as the Moslems have worse opportunities than the Europeans, the blame lies with educational inadequacies rather than legal obstacles. About a quarter of the Moslems of working age are engaged in pursuits other than agriculture; in work, their average income (excluding the well-off 2 per cent at the top) is around a third of the French metropolitan average. But a quarter of these Moslems suffer complete or partial unemployment, from which the Europeans are virtually immune.

The three-quarters of Moslems who live from agriculture are nearly all desperately poor. While their average income is calculated to be less than a tenth of the French, one ethnologist's classification—into those who eat twice a day, those who eat once, and the hungry—is more to the point. *The wretched soil of Algeria can probably not maintain its present population, certainly not the ten million more who will appear by 1980.* The only solution is emigration to France; and in 1954, when the revolt began, one adult male in seven was working there. (In parts of Kabylia the proportion was one in two, and is even higher to-day.)

It was among these emigrant workers that, in the 1920's, nationalist politics first developed; not in Algeria itself. There, the rich Moslem landowners were content with a régime which left them free to exploit and oppress their wretched peasantry. The small intellectual élite ardently desired equal status with the French—a pretension rejected with contempt by both the *colons* and the administration—rather than independence. For Algeria had never been a political entity, unlike the neighbouring protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco with their traditional state organisation, their puppet monarchies and, by 1939, their powerful parties, *Néo-Destour* and *Istiqlal*.

The equivalent Algerian movement was much weaker. It was founded in France by a shoemaker, Messali Hadj, and called the North African Star; repeatedly it was banned by the French and revived under new titles. Its tactics changed as often as its name; Messali co-operated in turn with revolutionary Communists and Islamic reactionaries, with Blum's Socialists and Doriot's Fascists. By 1947 his party, now called the MTLD ("Movement for the Triumph of Democratic Liberties") had attracted Moslem support away from the European-dominated Socialists and Communists. Its chief rival was the UDMA ("Democratic Union for the Algerian Manifesto"), which had been founded during the war by Ferhat Abbas. This appealed mainly to the educated élite which, like Abbas himself, had hitherto favoured assimilation to France; the MTLD recruited from the workers and lower middle-class. The UDMA was mild, secularist, and westernising, the MTLD violent, conservative, and pan-Arab. Messali's following seems, by 1947, to have been at least double that of Abbas.

During the post-war years, nationalist activity took various forms. Disorders at Sétif on VE-Day (May 8th, 1945) turned into an armed outbreak which was savagely put down; the hundred murdered Europeans were avenged by several thousand Moslem dead. (European Communists took an active part in the repression; nationalists have never trusted them since then.) A law of 1947 gave the vote to all Moslems; but both MTLD and UDMA found election after election shamelessly rigged against them by the French administration. Finally, however, in 1953, a genuine chance of constructive progress emerged.

THE INITIATIVE CAME from the new mayor of Algiers, Jacques Chevallier, a former reactionary converted to liberalism. He invited the MTLD municipal councillors to join his administration and co-operate in his spectacular re-housing programme. The party's Central Committee accepted his offer; Messali, who was interned in France, was furious at this capitulation to reformism. A bitter quarrel broke out, with fighting for the party's physical and financial assets, rival congresses and mutual expulsions. In the midst of this struggle another group made its appearance.

The new body originally called itself the CRUA, "Revolutionary Committee for Unity and Action." Most of its leaders had formerly belonged to the "Secret Organisation" (OS) of the MTLD, a direct-action body which the French broke up in 1950. They were younger and poorer than the established politicians; most of them were peasants by origin, extremists by temperament, and professional revolutionaries by occupation. The soil had been prepared for them by the repression of the Sétif outbreak and the rigging of elections; organising work had been started by the OS; and their opportunity came with the MTLD split. For now they could offer to the party activists, disgusted with fratri-

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cidal strife, a way to end nationalist dissensions overnight: an armed rising against French rule which would render all the old divisions obsolete and force every Moslem to choose his side. Moderate nationalist intellectuals, corrupt stooges of the administration, middle-class assimilationists, reformist city councillors, even the old patriarch Messali dictating terms from his Vendean exile—all would be swept aside once the stark alternative was posed: for the freedom fighters or against them? *Thus the revolution was directed against the Moslem politicians no less than against the French.* Its first handbill, issued on the first day of the rebellion, proclaimed:

> Our National Movement, prostrated by years of immobility and routine, badly directed, was disintegrating little by little. Faced with this situation, a youthful group, gathering about it the majority of the wholesome and resolute elements, judged that the moment had come to take the National Movement out of the impasse into which it had been forced by the conflicts of persons and of influence and to launch it into the true revolutionary struggle. . . .

Rebels, Nationalists, Terrorists

THE rebels, who soon took the name of National Liberation Front (FLN) were determined to monopolise the representation of Moslem opinion. Their method was to eliminate or intimidate those who contested their claim. Rival nationalists were even more obnoxious than Francophiles, for one day France might try to negotiate with them as she had in Tunisia. But, as a leader in exile wrote to a commander in the *maquis* in 1955:

> France as well as the trashy politicians will be sadly disappointed. The vigilance of the combatants will, in Algeria, nip Bourguibaism in the bud. . . .

Several nationalist (especially UDMA) leaders were sentenced to be assassinated during the outbreaks of August 20th, 1955; though most escaped, Ferhat Abbas' nephew was killed. Abbas himself was one of the designated victims. But he soon made his peace with the FLN, and joined them in Cairo in April, 1956. In 1958 he became head of their "provisional government," a position of more prominence than power. Many other moderate politicians have similarly "taken out insurance" by vigorous criticisms of the French, or even by going over to the FLN; most have been treated with contempt. In September, 1955, the FLN publicly warned those who

> now think they can climb aboard with us. . . . But the people will not forget that these men, instead of helping them, helped themselves . . . their eleventh-hour speeches cannot ward off the punishment that awaits them.

The FLN is thus determined to monopolise Algerian nationalism. Naturally it is strongly opposed by the original nationalists of Messali's party, now called the MNA ("Algerian National Movement"). In Algeria these have almost been wiped out except for a few pockets; their armed bands were attacked by both sides, their civilian sympathisers deterred by terrorism (the worst example was the massacre of the three hundred male inhabitants of Mechta Kasbah, near Melouza, in April, 1957) or discredited by being driven to accept French protection. But the MNA survives among its original adherents, the Algerian workers in France. Here the two movements wage a savage war: *over five years, an average of two Moslems a day have been killed in France, and four more wounded, by their co-religionists.* (Thus one emigrant in forty has been a victim.) The MNA trade union has had six leaders murdered. Workers are attacked for holding the wrong views, or for not paying the stiff levy demanded by FLN (about ten shillings a week; merchants, of course, pay much more). The FLN is said to raise £500,000 a month in this way within France; in Algeria its "taxes" bring in a similar amount. There, most of the Moslem rich, and many Europeans, protect themselves by heavy contributions.

In Algeria itself, terrorism against Europeans has usually been indiscriminate—attacks on isolated victims, or bombs timed to explode at peak hours in cafés and dance-halls, at football grounds and bus-stops. Moslems sometimes suffer from similarly indiscriminate violence, such as the inexplicable attack on a school bus at El Marsa (25th November, 1959), in which four Moslem children were killed. But more commonly the Moslem targets are such designated victims as local councillors, candidates at elections, "tax" defaulters, smokers (the FLN banned tobacco), or participants in the French land reform scheme. About six Moslems a day (till recently, eight) are still being assassinated by terrorists in Algeria.

TERRORISM CANNOT SIMPLY be explained away as the brutal but understandable elimination of "quislings." For instance, Senator Chérif Ben-

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habyles, who (with an unlucky passer-by) was shot dead in Vichy on August 27th, 1959, had denounced the excesses of French repression, condemned integration, avowed his continued friendship with Ferhat Abbas—and refused French police protection. He had recently made several trips to Switzerland, undoubtedly to meet FLN representatives. His murder was plainly meant by the extremists as a warning to any moderate, on either side, who was thinking of the compromise peace for which Moslem opinion unquestionably longed.

It would be absurd to accept the official French contention that the FLN are a mere handful of criminals without popular support; if they were, they would have been destroyed long ago. But it seems hard to maintain that a movement which uses terror for so long, on such a scale, represents the true wishes of all its people—those of El Marsa, for instance. One should not make too much of the 180,000 Moslems under arms on the French side, some six times more than the FLN forces ever had. For the latter could probably multiply their numbers if they had more arms, while the former include village self-defence groups which often reach a live-and-let-live agreement with the local FLN band, and auxiliaries (*harkis*) who willingly accept a well-paid occupation in a land where unemployment is rife. Yet it is worth noting that desertions, frequent among Moslem troops in 1956–7, are negligible to-day; and this although the *harkis* include many *ralliés* —ex-FLN soldiers who have come over, voluntarily or after capture. (According to *Officiers en Algérie*, a "stop-the-war" pamphlet by three returned officers, prisoners who join the French forces number between 10 and 15 per cent of all the FLN casualties, and the proportion is rising.) Many French officers go out on patrol night after night with a section entirely made up of former FLN fellagas.

The FLN thus meets hostility from its bitter enemies who have everything to lose from its victory: all the *ralliés*; some of the *harkis*; a few rich friends of France; the families of the victims of terrorism; the villagers who have supported the French because their neighbours and traditional enemies were pro-FLN; the surviving followers of the MNA. Yet the groups committed to France are no doubt a much smaller minority than that actively supporting the FLN. The majority, as in most civil wars, passively endures the exactions of both sides and longs for the return of peace.

As FLN TERROR HAS WON some Moslems to the French side, so French repression, often blind and undiscriminating, has been the rebels' strongest weapon. Villagers from the hills, numbering a million and a half, have been "regrouped" in new areas where they could be better protected and controlled—but only a third of these re-groupments were economically viable; most suffered hardship, sometimes even starvation. In the towns, any Moslem with a primary education is likely to have been in an internment camp. These naturally function (as in Ireland in 1917) as nationalist universities; in one of the best managed, where the authorities hoped most of the inmates would cast votes at the 1958 referendum, the turn-out was 2 per cent. The system is neither as efficient nor as ruthless as is often supposed—the murderer of Senator Benhabyles has just been freed after a short prison sentence (in France) for illegally carrying arms. But conditions vary widely. A Red Cross inspection commission reported in December, 1959 that, while conditions in over half the camps in central Algeria (*Algérois*) were bad, in two-thirds of those in the west (*Oranie*) and east (*Constantinois*) they were good or very good.

The French have some ground for complaining of their bad press. Charges of torture, like the cases of Djamila Bouhired in 1957 and Djamila Boupacha in 1960, invariably and properly receive wide publicity, both in the Paris opposition press and abroad. Understandably, the critics demand a higher standard from the French than from the FLN. But the picture they present is often incomplete. Thus a respectable American professor, in an academic work, can denounce French infringements of civil liberties without once mentioning FLN terrorism (Edgar Furniss in *France—Troubled Ally*). The *New Statesman*'s account of the Red Cross report gave a quarter of its space to describing the worst camp of all, without bothering to say that the Commission, on its second visit a month later, had found the place transformed. No one pointed the contrast between the French, who invited Red Cross inspections (though not publicity for the results), and the FLN which, up to June, 1960, refused every Red Cross request for access to prisoners or even for a list of their names.

There is, however, no doubt that torture is still all too common. Some commanders have made genuine, sometimes even effective efforts to stamp it out—though punishments, in accord-

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ance with French tradition in cases of abuses committed in the public service, are never publicised. But, only too often, the authorities have preferred to cover up outrages by denouncing those who reveal them, or pointing to the FLN terrorism which may explain, but does not excuse, French brutality and sadism.

The Men Between

THE ordinary Moslem is caught between the violence, arbitrary or deliberate, of both sides. His dominating wish is for an end to the nightmare. Yet the profound changes made by the war have not all been evil. Psychologically, since Algerian Moslems are affirming their nationality in arms, to accept western values no longer seems a symbolic capitulation; where French modernisers could not induce Moslem women to renounce the veil, or men to abandon their right to divorce their wives at will, sociologists now report that these changes have spread rapidly under FLN sponsorship. Materially, French attempts to win Moslem allegiance have brought substantial improvements. Land reform has been begun, industrialisation encouraged, civil service jobs opened to Moslems, local government brought under their control, education greatly extended.

These belated measures seem unlikely to fulfil their political aim. Too many of the beneficiaries regard them as by-products of the revolt, and give their gratitude to the FLN. Moreover, the repression, striking blindly, causes the whole Moslem community to feel endangered, and reinforces its solidarity—from which the FLN profits. Even Moslems who detest FLN methods cannot help feeling pride in men of their race who have defied the French army for six years. While the war continues, few Moslems can repudiate their own folk under arms.

But afterwards? Psychologically, everything would be changed once the terror and repression ended—though the Moslems' thirst for human dignity could no doubt be slaked only by the grant of independence. Materially, those who give the FLN credit for provoking the French into constructive reforms may well doubt its capacity for carrying them out itself. Many who know the Moslems well, therefore, believe that, with peace, the elusive third force might at last come to life. For the mass of *attentistes* are not without views on their country's future; they are *cross-pressured*, like those voters in western democracies who are slowest and most hesitant in making up their minds. In Algeria, where the conflicting pressures are so much more terrible, the uncertainties are magnified. Numbers of Moslem families are divided against themselves. Mme Germaine Tillion, who knows the Moslems as well as any westerner, believes that while 90 per cent of them favour the FLN, 60 per cent want friendship with France. The left-wing authors of *Officiers en Algérie* record similar impressions.

To Moslems who want *both* independence and links with Paris, *both* the FLN and the French, de Gaulle has long been the one man capable of making peace, and the only leader who could fulfil their aspirations. "Their confidence in de Gaulle is total, startling," wrote one of the *Officiers*, referring to 1958. An "Algiers letter" in Mendès-France's monthly *Cahiers de la République* (June, 1959) spoke of their "immense hope (in de Gaulle) which you can scarcely conceive." During the January 1960 insurrection, anti-Gaullist European territorials at Mostaganem, in Oranie, clashed with Moslem demonstrators shouting *"Down With Massu!"*, *"We want work!"*, and *"Vive de Gaulle!"* Later, in the anti-Gaullist *L'Express* (February 11th, 1960), Claude Krief reported that "At Algiers . . . (de Gaulle) could be acclaimed by virtually the whole Moslem population," and Mendès-France agreed that his "measures have brought, as all witnesses confirm, a profound response among the Moslems." And on June 1st, *Le Monde*'s correspondent recorded that "the anti-Gaullism of the FLN has practically no hold on the Moslems, even the nationalists."

The French Army

BESIDES the Europeans and the Moslems there is a third political entity in Algeria: the French army. It cumulates the powers of all armies in countries at war, with the immense *civil* administrative authority conferred by successive governments, from 1956 to 1960, on the only force capable of running this chronically under-administered territory. This transfer of power was at first warmly approved by Mendès-France and his friends, who rightly much preferred the army to the settler-ridden administration and police. Even Moslems welcomed it as a lesser evil.

The consequences have been mixed: neither black nor white, or rather both black and white,

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for in Algeria the contrasts between neighbouring zones or sectors are often startling. The army is not a monolithic unit, and its conduct depends on the standards and outlook of individual generals—and second-lieutenants. Moreover, there are many divisions within its ranks. The "activist" officers have always been concentrated in the Algiers command; Oran and Constantine have never been in their hands—just as civilian extremism has always been far stronger in the capital than in the two regional centres). There are distinct differences of outlook between professionals and conscripts; between the parachutists (who get all the glory and publicity) and other regulars; between different paratroop divisions; between the politically-minded staff officers in the Algiers hot-house and their fellows out in the *bled*; between the powerful, strongly integrationist psychological warfare enthusiasts, and the "SAS" officers directly administering Moslem villages and towns.

Yet on two points the great majority of officers are agreed. First, the unity of the army must be maintained; the political split of the second world war must never be repeated. Secondly, they will not put up with another defeat imposed by the politicians. They have no desire whatever to take over political power, and loathe the thought of making and unmaking governments like a "Mexican army." But they will not tolerate a capitulation in Algeria. Some may fear the loss of comforts and privileges. Others are alarmed at the likely effects in France itself of the return of an angry army and a million furious settlers. None will concede defeat in a war which they believe they are winning, or again abandon to nationalist vengeance, as they did in Indo-China, natives who had trusted in French promises to remain.

THE ARMY'S POLITICAL ROLE has been more that of a lobby, trying to influence the government, than that of a conspiracy to replace it. Few officers are prepared to plot—though their numbers might swell rapidly if a capitulation seemed imminent. Their attitude is more like that of Gough's cavalry officers who, in 1914, resigned their commissions rather than coerce Ulster—and so in effect vetoed certain possible lines of policy. But this analogy conceals a crucial fact: *the French army in Algeria is pro-Moslem and anti-colon*. For, to compete with the well-entrenched FLN clandestine organisation, the army has been forced to behave almost as a political party, paternalist in outlook yet progressive and even revolutionary in aim.*

The insurrection of January, 1960, with which the troops then in Algiers plainly sympathised, should not mislead us. These were Massu's paratroops, partly recruited from the city and based there for three tense years; in contrast, the troops who replaced them (another parachutist division) were furious at having to abandon their operations in the *bled* to deal with Lagaillarde. Yet even Massu's entourage was described by a left-wing journalist (Jean Daniel in *L'Express*, February 11th, 1960) as advocating "rural socialism." The soldiers hoped to counter the "myth" of independence by the rival myth of modernisation, equality, integration—a "Kemal revolution" sponsored by France. Thus, though ashamed of French neglect of Algeria in the past, the army—despite all its bitter critics—is proud of what it is doing there to-day, enthusiastic in its efforts to improve the living conditions of remote peasant villages which have never before seen a doctor or a schoolmaster.

"For the very first time in my military career I have an entirely clear conscience," I was told by a general distinguished for his liberalism and humanity. The junior officers in the SAS often voluntarily prolong their military service to continue with their task of social reconstruction. These constructive activities cannot compete for publicity with charges of torture. But in fact, once more, the black and the white exist side by side.

Self-Determination?

YET the policy of self-determination by referendum—accepted officially by both de Gaulle and the FLN—arouses no enthusiasm in the army, despite military sympathy for the Moslems. For it is a procedure, not an objective; and, as one officer put it, "you can't commit yourself to a question-mark." The army knows that France cannot remain in Algeria without Moslem support and co-operation; the Moslems know what happened to France's friends in Morocco and Tunisia after independence. How can any self-respecting officer, out in the *bled*, encourage a village leader whom he likes and trusts to risk his own life and his family's by becoming mayor of his hamlet—unless the Frenchman can honestly promise that no scuttle in twelve or eighteen months' time

* *Cf.* Brian Crozier, "The General's Generals," ENCOUNTER, April, 1960.

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will deliver his friends into the power of the FLN?

The practical problems of self-determination, too, are enormous. Can there be a fair vote in a primitive country torn by the passions and hatred of six years of bitter civil warfare? A spokesman from Ortiz's balcony, in January, put the point brutally:

> If no one takes the Moslems to the polls, they will stay at home. If the army takes them, they will vote for France; if the FLN takes them, they will vote for independence. So what's all this nonsense about self-determination?

No doubt the two sides might agree to regroup their forces and keep them out of the referendum campaign. Even so, the verdict would reflect the sum of local positions of strength rather than any genuine popular wish. Moreover, de Gaulle has demanded a long delay between the cease-fire and the vote. But if the military contest were merely transformed into a political one, would passions really cool off as the crucial vote approached? Would the rival armed forces really withstand the temptation to intervene surreptitiously where things were going badly for their side?

This is not all. Even if no one interfered improperly with the campaign or the poll, the vote would be profoundly influenced by the result the Moslems *expected*; once convinced the FLN was going to win, every *attentiste* would hasten to make his peace with them. Experience in the North African protectorates has shown that a compromise line cannot be held more than a few weeks (in Morocco) or months (in Tunisia) because of the rush to get on the victor's band-wagon. Thus the first sign of French recognition of the FLN—however informal or unofficial—would consolidate their hold on Moslem opinion, and give them the representativeness which they have always claimed, but might not find it easy to retain once peace was signed. *Once recognised as representative, however, they will become so.*

THIS IS WHY the FLN long refused to discuss peace terms until France had agreed to concede both Algerian independence *and* their own status as a provisional government. They abandoned these explicit claims after de Gaulle's offer of self-determination on September 16th, 1959. But they still hoped to reach the same ends by an indirect approach. For their insistence that military talks on a cease-fire must be accompanied by political negotiations on the guarantees of a fair vote (fully justified by the history of French-managed elections in the past) was accompanied by a rejection of round-table discussion with other tendencies of Algerian opinion. These, whether European or Moslem, must express their views to and through the French government—which would thus have to accept a *tête-à-tête* with the FLN. And to ensure that the lesson sinks into Moslem minds, the FLN wanted an early meeting between General de Gaulle and Ferhat Abbas.

Thus a truly free vote, without physical or psychological coercion, will be very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain. Much left-wing opinion, and perhaps some Gaullist opinion too, holds that the one way out is through *a referendum of which the result is predetermined by negotiation between the contestants*, both sides campaigning for an affirmative answer to a solution previously agreed between them. The FLN would accept no such solution unless their claim to independence was conceded. But, today, a state can be independent and yet remain within the French Community.

There are two strong arguments for "predetermination." The first is the impracticability of a truly free vote. The second is that, even if this were practicable, it would leave the Europeans and the pro-French Moslems wholly without protection. The Algerian economy is utterly dependent on the Europeans, who employ more than 90 per cent of those working in industry and commerce, account for 92 per cent of gross business earnings, and provide 92 per cent of the country's private investment; a vote for independence without safeguards would inevitably provoke a panic exodus, disrupting the economic life of Algeria—and the political life of France. Only by negotiations with those who have the prestige to accept unpopular concessions, and the authority to carry their followers' consent, can any sort of guarantees be obtained. But the word "guarantees" arouses only scepticism. Stages and safeguards, time-limits and precautions have been utterly discredited by developments in Morocco and Tunisia. *The exodus will not be prevented by paper promises which no European will trust; it can be averted only if the French army remains in Algeria for a decade after the cease-fire.*

Alternatives

EVEN LAST SUMMER a settlement on these lines still seemed possible. France badly needed one, both to regain influence in Europe

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and to retain her ties with the new African states of the Community. And the FLN needs one too.

For the French held some strong cards. The military situation has been moving steadily in their favour. Though the FLN keeps strong forces in Tunisia and Morocco, fewer arms have been getting through to its troops within Algeria; they are broken up into much smaller bands than a year ago; their morale seems to be lower (the proportion of prisoners is rising); and they are finding more difficulty in recruitment. Whereas in 1958 the *maquis* leaders were thought to be much more intransigent than the exiles in Tunis, by 1960 the roles were reversed.

Next, the French could impose what the FLN most dread: *partition*. No one can stop them from setting up a "new Israel" along the coast from Oran to Algiers, and denying to the nationalists the principal cities and most fertile lands in Algeria. Both sides agree that this would be disastrous to the country's welfare—but if the war drags on a few more years, it might then seem less ruinous than an endless struggle. The choice before the FLN—and the French—might well lie between a negotiated settlement in 1961, and a *de facto* partition in 1963 or 1965.

Thirdly, Moslem opinion in Algeria is passionately anxious for the nightmare to end. Extreme intransigence by the FLN might in the end have forfeited Moslem goodwill. Tunis was beginning to fear this last February, when de Gaulle's firmness against the European insurgents had sent his prestige soaring among the Moslems.

Fourthly, the alternative for the FLN is dangerous. China is prodigal with offers of aid; but the benefits are dubious, the reluctance of the Tunisians evident, the risks of acceptance manifest. Their cautious acceptance of de Gaulle's overtures in June, and their refusal finally to break off talks after the first unsatisfactory meetings, suggested awareness that they stood at a cross-roads, and reluctance to follow the highway to the east.

Moreover, in the last resort a link between France and Algeria is even more important to the Moslems than to the French. Not only do Frenchmen provide capital and technical skills, but France offers an indispensable outlet for Algeria's leaping population. As French citizens, the Algerian Moslems have free access to the French labour market—unlike the Tunisians and Moroccans, only one of whom works in France for every ten Algerians. These immigrants send much of their earnings home, and keep alive at least a million-and-a-half (some estimates say three or even four million) of their fellow-countrymen. If Algeria were wholly severed from France, most nationals of each country would soon return home, voluntarily or under compulsion. Economically, the exchange (and the loss of Saharan oil) would bring minor inconvenience in France. Algeria would suffer immediate catastrophe.

An agreed settlement clearly meant hard bargaining, with the FLN manœuvring to obtain implicit recognition and the French to deny it, the French trying and the FLN refusing to give the negotiations the outward appearance of a capitulation. It would have faced hostility from the Europeans and the army, both determined to resist concessions beyond a certain point. But experience did not seem to bear out the gloomy views expressed by the *New Statesman* when the Fourth Republic fell:

> De Gaulle is a "Wooden Titan." . . . The *colon* extremists . . . do not expect much resistance from this ageing prima donna who owes his Indian Summer of power entirely to their efforts. De Gaulle's slogans may be vague . . . but . . . it is Soustelle and Massu who will do the interpreting.

And again,

> There is no doubt that the new régime will be dominated by the French in Algeria. . . . General de Gaulle can play the role of a Neguib, but if he tries to carry out his personal policy he will soon be replaced by a Nasser.

The General

For two-and-a-half years, General de Gaulle had survived these dangers by skilfully blurring the issues and bewildering his opponents. His seemingly incomprehensible zig-gagging policy had gratified and discouraged each side in turn. In January he delighted the Moslems by refusing to compromise with Lagaillarde; in March he bitterly disappointed them by his reassurances to the army; in June he swung back so far that the FLN, for the first time, agreed to send an emissary to Paris —only to confront the emissary with conditions so rigid that no one can have imagined they would be accepted. Where, if anywhere, was he going?

The answer, I think, is to be found in his past career.* De Gaulle has twenty years' experience as a politician, and his strategic method

* *Cf.* Herbert Luethy, "De Gaulle," ENCOUNTER, July, 1960.

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has not varied. Against Churchill against Giraud, against the Communists in 1944 and the Committees of Public Safety in 1958, he has played for time, confused the issue, conciliated everyone a little and no one completely, and created a fog around his real intentions in which he could forge steadily ahead towards his objective. When he came to power, he would neither repudiate integration nor commit himself to it. But by 1960 integration was dead. The army had swallowed, without reacting, first the dissolution of the Committees of Public Safety; then self-determination; finally, instead of *Algérie française*, "an Algerian Algeria linked with France." And even while the war goes on, this Algerian Algeria is coming into being. Power is passing quite rapidly into the Moslems' hands. Nearly 200,000 of them have been armed by France; a predominant share in new administrative appointments is reserved to them; local government is under their control; their integrationist representatives have nearly all swung over to supporting *Algérie algérienne*. De Gaulle has given an irrevocable answer to one crucial question: in a few years' time Algeria will be a land ruled by Moslems, not by Frenchmen. A second crucial question remains open: will its rulers be friendly or hostile towards France?

De Gaulle hoped that his concessions on the first question would ensure a favourable answer to the second. "France," he had said in 1957, "dislikes half-measures which turn against her. She likes great concessions which bring everything back to her.... The more the Algerians are free the more they will be united to the French." For this happy ending he needed time —to win back the army, to master the Europeans, above all to convince the ordinary Moslem voter (through economic and educational reforms) of the advantages of the French connection. As they found these advantages working in their daily lives, he could begin to build up a Moslem-controlled Algeria—keeping a place open for the FLN, but denying them exclusive control.

The FLN might well refuse to come in. For, on both sides, war is now routine, and peace a leap into the unknown. Negotiations would threaten French unity; but they would also terribly strain the cohesion of the FLN, as they broke Sinn Fein in 1921. If the FLN did refuse, the new Algeria would be built without them—subjecting them to growing pressure to join. If they agreed, this would mark the defeat of the extreme wing by Abbas and the moderates, who could then co-operate with the "third force" nationalists in facing the desperate problems of reconstruction.

Early in 1960 it seemed de Gaulle might be granted the time he needed. In France his popularity was unimpaired. Among the Algerian Moslems it soared after the January 1960, insurrection—which alarmed the army by showing how isolated it was from both Moslems and Frenchmen at home. Abroad, both the great powers were courting the General, and thus wary of the FLN. So at Melun, in June, France confronted the FLN emissaries with rigid terms. Most observers thought this a prelude to tough bargaining; none, however pessimistic, expected the FLN to break off the talks.

YET A TURNING-POINT CAME, if not at Melun, at de Gaulle's press conference of September 5th, when the world waited in vain for the balancing move towards peace. For all the President had to offer was this: "People sometimes say: de Gaulle is the man to settle the Algerian problem—if he cannot, no one can. Then will they kindly let me get on with it?" The answer was No.

The General's assets began to fall away alarmingly. Khrushchev, for reasons of his own (Berlin? China? U.N.?), gave *de facto* recognition to the "Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic." His press began printing violent criticisms of France; FLN visitors in Moscow (whose presence in the past had been concealed) were given a state welcome. Ferhat Abbas returned from Peking to answer de Gaulle's invitation to "peace if they lay down the knife" with a defiant "we will lay down our knives when we have planes instead." The United States had at last to choose whether to back France against the Afro-Asian bloc, or to help the FLN so as to keep them from the Communist embrace. Back in 1957, one American senator had outspokenly condemned the former course. His name was John F. Kennedy.

De Gaulle's collapse was equally sudden in North Africa. Hopes had been raised and then dashed once too often. "Moslem Gaullism is stone dead," wrote a journalist who had formerly insisted on its importance. The Moslem politicians reflected the widespread disillusionment. Most of them, elected under army auspices as integrationists, had rallied to de Gaulle when he defied Lagaillarde's insurgents; now they were demanding political talks

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with the FLN. Even President Bourguiba of Tunisia, who had so often preached moderation to the FLN leaders, publicly doubted whether de Gaulle could solve the problem, or whether he himself could any longer prevent Communist arms from flowing through his country.

In France, too, the position was deteriorating fast. The active minorities on both sides were growing, as we have seen, in numbers and extremism. But the masses, too, were affected; Grenoble became the first provincial city to receive the President of the Republic frigidly. His increasingly personal conception of his power drew heavy fire from both Right and Left in Parliament and the press. Centre politicians dared to attack him in public, and even the devoted Guy Mollet went into formal opposition. As General Salan emerged as the spokesman of *Algérie française*, tension built up again in army circles.

De Gaulle knows he must quickly regain the initiative. On November 4th he promised the nationalists their Algerian Republic. For the Right, Bidault denounced his policy: "execrable, worse than ever." But the Left did not abate its distrust of *pouvoir personnel*. Confidently monarchical, the President continued to evoke the popular faith in himself which he had so far rekindled after each disappointment.

> The State will not permit the claim of those who enjoy some personal standing—political, trade union, military, journalistic, or other personalities—to influence the guidance of France. The guidance of France belongs to those upon whom she has conferred that duty. Therefore it belongs above all to me.

Homage to Caliban

Sick on this morning after some escapade
Of my shadow-man who still puts light to rout,
And, whooping, makes bad hay in a childish shade,
Of that fishy monster I think, whose claws and snout
Through every sea-change of a magic island
Remained exactly as they always were,
The Bard's black twin without—so hints the postscript—
One scrap of hope from Art; only from prayer.
Well, he it seems should know, who rode the ocean
On that mere self of his—a rotten butt—
Yet plucked his Ariel of imagination
From the gross mothering tree where it was shut,
That art, in one sense, only begs the question
Of what we are; leaves Caliban to rot.
And yet that beast of his was not cast off;
Return he did and say—though shredded fine
In its loose jaws the old unleavened stuff—
"This thing of darkness I acknowledge mine."

Thomas Blackburn

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Iris Murdoch

Against Dryness

A Polemical Sketch

THE complaints which I wish to make are concerned primarily with prose, not with poetry, and primarily with novels, not with drama; and they are brief, simplified, abstract, and possibly insular. They are not to be construed as implying any precise picture of "the function of the writer." It is the function of the writer to write the best book he knows how to write. These remarks have to do with the background to present-day literature, in Liberal democracies in general and Welfare States in particular, in a sense in which this must be the concern of any serious critic.

We live in a scientific and anti-metaphysical age in which the dogmas, images, and precepts of religion have lost much of their power. We have not recovered from two wars and the experience of Hitler. We are also the heirs of the Enlightenment, Romanticism, and the Liberal tradition. These are the elements of our dilemma: whose chief feature, in my view, is that we have been left with far too shallow and flimsy an idea of human personality. I shall explain this.

PHILOSOPHY, LIKE THE NEWSPAPERS, is both the guide and the mirror of its age. Let us look quickly at Anglo-Saxon philosophy and at French philosophy and see what picture of human personality we can gain from these two depositories of wisdom. Upon Anglo-Saxon philosophy the two most profound influences have been Hume and Kant: and it is not difficult to see in the current philosophical conception of the person the work of these two great thinkers. This conception consists in the joining of a materialistic behaviourism with a dramatic view of the individual as a solitary will. These subtly give support to each other. From Hume through Bertrand Russell, with friendly help from mathematical logic and science, we derive the idea that reality is finally a quantity of material atoms and that significant discourse must relate itself directly or indirectly to reality so conceived. This position was most picturesquely summed up in Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*. Recent philosophy, especially the later work of Wittgenstein and the work of Gilbert Ryle derivative therefrom, alters this a little. The atomic Humian picture is abandoned in favour of a type of conceptual analysis (in many ways admirable) which emphasises the structural dependence of concepts upon the public language in which they are framed. This analysis has important results in the philosophy of mind, where it issues in modified behaviourism. Roughly: my inner life, for me just as for others, is identifiable as existing only through the application to it of public concepts, concepts which can only be constructed on the basis of overt behaviour.

This is one side of the picture, the Humian and post-Humian side. On the other side, we derive from Kant, and also Hobbes and Bentham through John Stuart Mill, a picture of the individual as a free rational will. With the removal of Kant's metaphysical background this individual is seen as alone. (He is in a certain sense alone on Kant's view also, that is: not confronted with real dissimilar others.) With the addition of some utilitarian optimism he is seen as eminently

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educable. With the addition of some modern psychology he is seen as capable of self-knowledge by methods agreeable to science and common sense. So we have the modern man, as he appears in many recent works on ethics and I believe also to a large extent in the popular consciousness.

We meet, for instance, a refined picture of this man in Stuart Hampshire's book *Thought and Action*. He is rational and totally free except in so far as, in the most ordinary law-court and commonsensical sense, his degree of self-awareness may vary. He is morally speaking monarch of all he surveys and totally responsible for his actions. Nothing transcends him. His moral language is a practical pointer, the instrument of his choices, the indication of his preferences. His inner life is resolved into his acts and choices, and his beliefs, which are also acts, since a belief can only be identified through its expression. His moral arguments are references to empirical facts backed up by decisions. The only moral word which he requires is "good" (or "right"), the word which expresses decision. His rationality expresses itself in awareness of the facts, whether about the world or about himself. The virtue which is fundamental to him is sincerity.

IF WE turn to French philosophy we may see, at least in that section of it which has most caught the popular imagination, I mean in the work of Jean Paul Sartre, essentially the same picture. It is interesting how extremely Kantian this picture is, for all Sartre's indebtedness to Hegelian sources. Again, the individual is pictured as solitary and totally free. There is no transcendent reality, there are no degrees of freedom. On the one hand there is the mass of psychological desires and social habits and prejudices, on the other hand there is the will. Certain dramas, more Hegelian in character, are of course enacted within the soul; but the isolation of the will remains. Hence *angoisse*. Hence, too, the special anti-bourgeois flavour of Sartre's philosophy which makes it appeal to many intellectuals: the ordinary traditional picture of personality and the virtues lies under suspicion of *mauvaise foi*. Again the only real virtue is sincerity. It is, I think, no accident that, however much philosophical and other criticism Sartre may receive, this powerful picture has caught our imagination. The Marxist critics may plausibly claim that it represents the essence of the Liberal theory of personality.

It will be pointed out that other phenomenological theories (leaving aside Marxism) have attempted to do what Sartre has failed to do, and that there are notable philosophers who have offered a different picture of the soul. Yes; yet from my own knowledge of the scene I would doubt whether any (non-Marxist) account of human personality has yet emerged from phenomenology which is fundamentally unlike the one which I have described and can vie with it in imaginative power. It may be said that philosophy cannot in fact produce such an account. I am not sure about this, nor is this large question my concern here. I express merely my belief that, for the Liberal world, philosophy is not in fact at present able to offer us any other complete and powerful picture of the soul. I return now to England and the Anglo-Saxon tradition.

THE WELFARE STATE has come about as a result, largely, of socialist thinking and socialist endeavour. It has seemed to bring a certain struggle to an end; and with that ending has come a lassitude about fundamentals. If we compare the language of the original Labour Party constitution with that of its recent successor we see an impoverishment of thinking and language which is typical. The Welfare State is the reward of "empiricism in politics." It has represented to us a set of thoroughly desirable but limited ends, which could be conceived *in non-theoretical terms*; and in pursuing it, in allowing the idea of it to dominate the more naturally theoretical wing of our political scene, we have to a large extent lost our theories. Our central conception is still a debilitated form of Mill's equation: happiness equals freedom equals personality.

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There should have been a revolt against utilitarianism; but for many reasons it has not taken place. In 1905 John Maynard Keynes and his friends welcomed the philosophy of G. E. Moore because Moore reinstated the concept of experience, Moore directed attention away from the mechanics of action and towards the inner life. But Moore's "experience" was too shallow a concept; and a scientific age with simple attainable empirical aims has preferred a more behaviouristic philosophy.

WHAT HAVE WE LOST HERE? And what have we perhaps never had? We have suffered a general loss of concepts, the loss of a moral and political vocabulary. We no longer use a spread-out substantial picture of the manifold virtues of man and society. We no longer see man against a background of values, of realities, which transcend him. We picture man as a brave naked will surrounded by an easily comprehended empirical world. For the hard idea of truth we have substituted a facile idea of sincerity. What we have never had, of course, is a satisfactory Liberal theory of personality, a theory of man as free and separate and related to a rich and complicated world from which, as a moral being, he has much to learn. We have bought the Liberal theory as it stands, because we have wished to encourage people to think of themselves as free, at the cost of surrendering the background.

WE HAVE never solved the problems about human personality posed by the Enlightenment. Between the various concepts available to us the real question has escaped: and now, in a curious way, our present situation is analogous to an 18th-century one. We retain a rationalistic optimism about the beneficent results of education, or rather technology. We combine this with a romantic conception of "the human condition," a picture of the individual as stripped and solitary: a conception which has, since Hitler, gained a peculiar intensity.

The 18th century was an era of rationalistic allegories and moral tales. The 19th century (roughly) was the great era of the novel; and the novel throve upon a dynamic merging of the idea of person with the idea of class. Because 19th-century society was dynamic and interesting and because (to use a Marxist notion) the type and the individual could there be seen as merged, the solution of the 18th-century problem could be put off. It has been put off till now. Now that the structure of society is less interesting and less alive than it was in the 19th century, and now that Welfare economics have removed certain incentives to thinking, and now that the values of science are so much taken for granted, we confront in a particularly dark and confusing form a dilemma which has been with us implicitly since the Enlightenment, or since the beginning, wherever exactly one wishes to place it, of the modern Liberal world.

IF WE CONSIDER 20th-century literature as compared with 19th-century literature, we notice certain significant contrasts. I said that, in a way, we were back in the 18th century, the era of rationalistic allegories and moral tales, the era when the idea of human nature was unitary and single. The 19th-century novel (I use these terms boldly and roughly: of course there were exceptions) was not concerned with "the human condition," it was concerned with real various individuals struggling in society. The 20th-century novel is usually either crystalline or journalistic; that is, it is either a small quasi-allegorical object portraying the human condition and not containing "characters" in the 19th-century sense, or else it is a large shapeless quasi-documentary object, the degenerate descendant of the 19th-century novel, telling, with pale conventional characters, some straightforward story enlivened with empirical facts. Neither of these kinds of literature engages with the problem that I mentioned above.

It may readily be noted that if our prose fiction is either crystalline or journalistic, the crystalline works are usually the better ones. They are what the more serious writers want to create. We may recall the ideal of "dry-

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ness" which we associate with the symbolist movement, with writers such as T. E. Hulme and T. S. Eliot, with Paul Valery, with Wittgenstein. This "dryness" (smallness, clearness, self-containedness) is a nemesis of Romanticism. Indeed it *is* Romanticism in a later phase. The pure, clean, self-contained "symbol," the exemplar incidentally of what Kant, ancestor of both Liberalism and Romanticism, required art to be, is the analogue of the lonely self-contained individual. It is what is left of the other-worldliness of Romanticism when the "messy" humanitarian and revolutionary elements have spent their force. The temptation of art, a temptation to which every work of art yields except the greatest ones, is to console. The modern writer, frightened of technology and (in England) abandoned by philosophy and (in France) presented with simplified dramatic theories, attempts to console us by myths or by stories.

On the whole: his truth is sincerity and his imagination is fantasy. Fantasy operates either with shapeless day-dreams (the journalistic story) or with small myths, toys, crystals. Each in his own way produces a sort of "dream necessity." Neither grapples with reality: hence "fantasy," not "imagination."

THE proper home of the symbol, in the "symbolist" sense, is poetry. Even there it may play an equivocal role since there is something in symbolism which is inimical to words, out of which, we have been reminded, poems are constructed. Certainly the invasion of other areas by what I may call, for short, "symbolist ideals," has helped to bring about a decline of prose. Eloquence is out of fashion; even "style," except in a very austere sense of this term, is out of fashion.

T. S. Eliot and Jean-Paul Sartre, dissimilar enough as thinkers, both tend to undervalue prose and to deny it any *imaginative* function. Poetry is the creation of linguistic quasi-things; prose is for explanation and exposition, it is essentially didactic, documentary, informative. Prose is ideally transparent; it is only *faute de mieux* written in words. The influential modern stylist is Hemingway. It would be almost inconceivable now to write like Landor. Most modern English novels indeed are not *written*. One feels they could slip into some other medium without much loss. It takes a foreigner like Nabokov or an Irishman like Beckett to animate prose language into an imaginative stuff in its own right.

TOLSTOY WHO SAID that art was an expression of the religious perception of the age was nearer the truth than Kant who saw it as the imagination in a frolic with the understanding. The connection between art and the moral life has languished because we are losing our sense of form and structure in the moral world itself. Linguistic and existentialist behaviourism, our Romantic philosophy, has reduced our vocabulary and simplified and impoverished our view of the inner life. It is natural that a Liberal democratic society will not be concerned with techniques of improvement, will deny that virtue is knowledge, will emphasise choice at the expense of vision; and a Welfare State will weaken the incentives to investigate the bases of a Liberal democratic society. For political purposes we have been encouraged to think of ourselves as totally free and responsible, knowing everything we need to know for the important purposes of life. But this is one of the things of which Hume said that it may be true in politics but false in fact; and is it really true in politics? We need a post-Kantian unromantic Liberalism with a different image of freedom.

THE technique of becoming free is more difficult than John Stuart Mill imagined. We need more concepts than our philosophies have furnished us with. We need to be enabled to think in terms of degrees of freedom, and to picture, in a non-metaphysical, non-totalitarian, and non-religious sense, the transcendence of reality. A simple-minded faith in science, together with the assumption that we are all rational and totally free, engenders a dangerous lack of curiosity about the real world, a failure to appreciate the difficulties of knowing it. We need to return from the self-centred concept

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of sincerity to the other-centred concept of truth. We are not isolated free choosers, monarchs of all we survey, but benighted creatures sunk in a reality whose nature we are constantly and overwhelmingly tempted to deform by fantasy. Our current picture of freedom encourages a dream-like facility; whereas what we require is a renewed sense of the difficulty and complexity of the moral life and the opacity of persons. We need more concepts in terms of which to picture the substance of our being; it is through an enriching and deepening of concepts that moral progress takes place. Simone Weil said that morality was a matter of attention not of will. We need a new vocabulary of attention.

IT IS HERE that literature is so important, especially since it has taken over some of the tasks formerly performed by philosophy. Through literature we can re-discover a sense of the density of our lives. Literature can arm us against consolation and fantasy and can help us to recover from the ailments of Romanticism. If it can be said to have a task, now, that surely is its task. But if it is to perform it, prose must recover its former glory, eloquence and discourse must return. I would connect eloquence with the attempt to speak the truth. I think here of the work of Albert Camus. All his novels were *written*; but the last one, though less striking and successful than the first two, seems to me to have been a more serious attempt upon the truth: and illustrates what I mean by eloquence.

IT IS curious that modern literature, which is so much concerned with violence, contains so few convincing pictures of evil.

Our inability to imagine evil is a consequence of the facile, dramatic and, in spite of Hitler, optimistic picture of ourselves with which we work. Our difficulty about form, about images—our tendency to produce works which are either crystalline or journalistic—is a symptom of our situation. Form itself can be a temptation, making the work of art into a small myth which is a self-contained and indeed self-satisfied individual. We need to turn our attention away from the consoling dream necessity of Romanticism, away from the dry symbol, the bogus individual, the false whole, towards the real impenetrable human person. That this person is substantial, impenetrable, individual, indefinable, and valuable is after all the fundamental tenet of Liberalism.

It is here, however much one may criticise the emptiness of the Liberal idea of freedom, however much one may talk in terms of restoring a lost unity, that one is forever at odds with Marxism. Reality is not a given whole. An understanding of this, a respect for the contingent, is essential to imagination as opposed to fantasy. Our sense of form, which is an aspect of our desire for consolation, can be a danger to our sense of reality as a rich receding background. Against the consolations of form, the clean crystalline work, the simplified fantasy-myth, we must pit the destructive power of the now so unfashionable naturalistic idea of character.

Real people are destructive of myth, contingency is destructive of fantasy and opens the way for imagination. Think of the Russians, those great masters of the contingent. Too much contingency of course may turn art into journalism. But since reality is incomplete, art must not be too much afraid of incompleteness. Literature must always represent a battle between real people and images; and what it requires now is a much stronger and more complex conception of the former.

IN MORALS AND POLITICS we have stripped ourselves of concepts. Literature, in curing its own ills, can give us a new vocabulary of experience, and a truer picture of freedom. With this, renewing our sense of distance, we may remind ourselves that art too lives in a region where all human endeavour is failure. Perhaps only Shakespeare manages to create at the highest level both images and people; and even *Hamlet* looks second-rate compared with *Lear*. Only the very greatest art invigorates without consoling, and defeats our attempts, in W. H. Auden's words, to use it as magic.

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Christopher Hollis

The Wind of Change

THE FIRST white settlers came to the Highlands in 1904 and therefore an old man like Kungo could remember a time before there was a white man in the land. He had seen the Serkali, as the Kikuyus called the British Government, come, and if he could only manage to live a few years longer, there seemed every likelihood that he would see them go. The whole business was turning out to be that of but one long lifetime. Kungo sat outside his *thingira*—his bachelor's hut—and watched the hot equatorial sun going down the sky. He had called to his senior wife to bring him some beer. She made her beer out of sugar-cane and he preferred her brew to that of any of his other wives. She brought him a calabash and he sat drinking it, and as he drank, he meditated. The memories of a life came back to him.

The first white men to come to Nanyuki were the missionaries, and the first of them whom Kungo ever met was Father McCarthy. That was a very long time ago—more, far more, than a hundred seasons—for Kungo always reckoned his time by the seasons of six months, since the rains and the crops come every six months. He did not reckon in years as the white men so absurdly do. Kungo remembered Father McCarthy well—a tall, white old man with piercing eyes. He was a good man and a kind man, and he and his fellow priests had taught Kungo and the other tribesmen some lessons which they had been glad to learn. They had shown them how they could plant their crops and tend them so that the yield would be increased. They had cast a spell on the tsetse fly so that it did not eat their herds and they could now drive their herds into districts where herds had never been able to go before. They had shown them how to build up their land on the hillsides in terraces, so that the rain no longer washed all their soil away. All these were good lessons. Once when his first wife was ill, Father McCarthy had taken her to Nyeri to a bad-smelling house called a hospital, where a white witch-doctor had cut her open with a panga and snatched out from her stomach the devil by which she was bewitched within. He had then sown her up with a needle, and, after a time she had come back to him cured and able to bear more children. This, too, was a good thing to have done, and seemed to show that the white witch-doctors—their *mundumugu*—had more powerful spells than had the *mundumugu* of the Kikuyu. If so, it must be that their God was more powerful than the Kikuyu's Ngai, and indeed Kungo had for a time accepted the God of Father McCarthy—had become a servant of the Bwana Jesus—and had defied the old law of Ngai. It had seemed to him clear when his wife came back from the hospital that it was the Christian God who now sat on Kerinyaga in place of Ngai. But in his old age he did not feel so sure. A hyena had left its droppings near his *thingira*. He looked at them with disgust and with terror. Father McCarthy, he well knew, would have said that a hyena's droppings were a hyena's droppings and nothing more. But all the Kikuyu believe that there is a *thahu*—a curse—in a hyena's droppings. Would it not be as well to go to the *mundumugu*, to kill a goat and get purification from the *thahu*? He did not say that the Bwana Jesus was not powerful for evil, as Father McCarthy had taught. But was

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that any reason why Ngai should not be powerful, too? Might it not be that there were many gods, all of whom had their power for evil? and was it not sensible prudence to avoid offending any of the gods?

Besides, though Father McCarthy was a good and kind man and taught lessons which they did well to learn, he also said things which it was less easy to believe and which Kungo had never been able to find sensible. When Father McCarthy came, Kungo was still a young man. He had just bought his second wife. Father McCarthy told him that he should not have more than one wife. "What then should he do with the second wife?" he asked. Should he just turn her out to starve? If he sent her back to her parents, they would certainly not return the bride-price with which he had bought her." Oh, no, said Father McCarthy, he should keep her, but he should not use her as a wife. This was plain madness.

IT HAD seemed to him plain madness, but at least he had imagined that, mad or not, it was the custom of the white man. Father McCarthy and the other priests with him had a special *thahu*, placed upon them by the Bwana Jesus, which forbade them to lie with women at all, but he soon learnt that this *thahu* did not fall upon all white men—that some white men did lie with women—and indeed when, shortly afterwards, a white man, Bwana Dillon, came and built a shamba and set up a farm amongst them, he brought a memsaab with him and for a time he lived with her. Among the white men, Kungo was told, a man has one single wife. It seemed a strange custom and it was hard to see for what purpose a man would trouble to make himself rich, if he could not buy more women with his riches. Nevertheless, if that was the white man's custom, he had said, so be it. Kungo was not greatly concerned to understand. Then after a time Bwana Dillon's memsaab went away. They said that she had left him and had gone over the sea to a country called England. For a time Bwana Dillon lived, it seemed, alone. Then one day, he too went away, and when he came back he brought with him another memsaab. He had, so Kungo was told, been what was called divorced and had married a new wife. Indeed after a time he divorced that wife too, and married a third. Father McCarthy had left by then, so Kungo was not able to consult him to find if he had understood it rightly, but it appeared that among the white men it was possible for a man to have as many wives as he liked, provided that he only had one at a time. This surely, Kungo thought, was not a sensible arrangement. It was much better for a man to have all his wives at the same time, as then the wives could share out among themselves both the burden of the work and the burden of child-bearing. The white man's arrangement did not seem to him to be fair on the women. It is right that women should control their desires. For that reason, said Kungo, do we circumcise them, and, if one of my wives runs away to lie with another man, then, as is the custom, I bind a hot stone beneath her knee-caps to cripple her tendons, so that she can never run again. This is obviously common sense. But how can one expect a woman to control her desires if she is the only woman who can serve her man?

Kungo of course had, like all Kikuyu, ever since his boyhood, lain with any girls wherever opportunity offered. Since Ngai had given him his desires it was but natural and right to satisfy them. He had always been careful in obeying the custom of the tribe. He knew well that it was wrong to impregnate an unmarried girl, for to do so would reduce her bride-price and would thus be an injustice to her parents. Therefore he had never sought to lift the second apron which all unmarried girls wear in copulation to guard themselves against being impregnated. But to lie with a girl could not be wrong. Indeed, if there were no fornication, how could the girls tell which men they liked and which they disliked? Yet Father McCarthy told him that fornication, too, was wrong—that it was wrong to lie with any women unless a man was married to her. This also he found strange and once again,

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when he came to know other bwanas—bwanas who had not, like Father McCarthy, fallen under the *thahu* which forbade them to lie with women—he found that this custom was by no means a general custom of the white man. Bwana Dillon had after a few years got tired of farming. So he started instead what he called a Country Club for the rich bwanas and for bwanas who came from over the sea, where they could go and get drunk when they got tired of looking at the wild animals. Bwana Dillon hired Kungo to come and work in that Club, and it was thus that Kungo came to learn something of the ways of the white man. He had seen how in their dances the white men and women held one another obscenely, the arm of the man around the woman as if she was a whore, and as he brought them their drinks he would often hear the white men talking easily and casually of the women with whom they had lain. They did not know that he understood English and therefore talked before him without restraint, but, though he did not know all English words, he had early got to know the words which the English most commonly used—such as those for food and drink, the Government, and fornication, and motor cars—which were the subjects upon which they mainly talked.

WHAT Kungo could not for some time understand was why, though those bwanas lay with unmarried girls and though the girls did not use a second apron, yet it did not seem often to happen that the girls had children. It was not until he was an old man that one day his son, who, as was the way of the world, had left the shamba and gone to work in a hotel in Nairobi, explained to him that the white women did have a second apron of a sort. which they put on when they lay with men and which guarded them against pregnancy. Or sometimes it was the man who brought the apron as a gift when he came to lie with the woman. The white woman's second apron was, said his son, a small apron of rubber. He had often seen it among the luggage of the guests at the hotel and a friend had explained to him its purpose. Kungo had then understood why white unmarried women were not more often pregnant, but, if so, why did they object to the Kikuyu girls if they wore a second apron, which was surely in every way a more seemly and decent habit and in accordance with the custom? White people, it seemed, when one looked into it, did much the same things as Africans, though in a less reasonable fashion. It was only that they talked differently and pretended to act differently.

It was natural that a man should wish to beget as many children as possible, and the more wives he had, the more children could he beget and with the less inconvenience. A rich man—it was only reasonable—would buy as many women and as fat and with as broad pelvises as he could afford. Besides, since it was forbidden for a man to lie with his wife for twenty-four months after she had born him a child, for fear that her milk would fall on him and cause a *thahu*, or when a cow was about to calve, it was necessary that he should have more than one wife. Otherwise, for long periods he would not be able to lie with anyone, which would be absurd, or would have to sleep with whores, as they do in the bazaars, which was not worthy. A man wanted to beget as many children as possible for his own sake—as proof of his virility and to satisfy his pride—but it was also for the greatness of the tribe that he begat children. One had but to look around to see that there were not nearly enough people in the land. In all the hot plains by Isiolo there were no men save a few hunters—only many animals. Beyond Isiolo and all the way up to Marsabit and Moyale there was much land and few men and yet fewer women. There was all around plenty of good land which had not been cleared and occupied because there were not enough people to till it. If only more children were begotten, if only there were more people, more land could be opened up and everyone would be the richer.

THIS was but plain common sense, and Kungo therefore was very surprised

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when one day Bwana Dillon said to him that there were too many children, that men should be persuaded to have fewer children, and that "something must be done about it."

"How could it be that there are too many children?" he asked the Bwana Dillon. "There are far too few children. Every man wants to have more children."

"No," said the Bwana Dillon, "there are too many children," because, he said, there was something called "unemployment." There was not enough work for them to do, and those that worked had therefore to maintain those that did not work.

Again Kungo was puzzled. Of course the men were "unemployed" and of course the women had to work to maintain the men. Surely the Bwana Dillon would not suggest that the men should work in the fields, just as if they were white men. But, so long as land was unused and so long as there were women to work on it, why should not the women work on that land and thus produce more for all?

The Bwana answered that in order to develop the land capital was required and that it was not possible to expect people to invest capital unless there was confidence. That was what the Bwana Dillon said—that, or something like it. Kungo could not very clearly remember at this long distance of time. He had not even then very well understood what the Bwana meant. But it seemed that there were among the white men some who were arguing that the Kikuyu should use the second apron, or at any rate some of the rubber aprons which the white men made for themselves, when they lay with their wives after marriage, so that they might beget fewer children. There was among the white men a strong devil called Birth Control who had commanded them to preach this gospel under pain of a dreadful curse. But for a man to use the second apron with his wife was disgusting and quite contrary to the custom. Kungo understood very well that the reason why the white men were suggesting it was that they were afraid that the Kikuyu, if they had many children, would grow both stronger and richer and would then seek to take for themselves the land which the white men held. It was for that reason that they demanded that the Kikuyu should use the second apron.

Kungo's mind went back to the days when he had been a boy—to the days before his circumcision—to the days before the white man—before even Father McCarthy—came. He thought of those days, and then he thought how after his circumcision he had become a warrior and he remembered his first great fight against the Masai, when he had killed two of the Masai morans—one with his spear, piercing him through the shoulder blade—cutting the throat of the other with his simi and severing his head, as he knelt upon his body. In those days, before the white man stopped them, the Kikuyu and the Masai used to fight one another whenever they got the chance. They fought and they killed and they pillaged. Then the Serkali came and said that to fight and to kill was wrong. Father McCarthy also said that it was wrong to kill, and the Serkali put a stop to the fighting of the tribes. Kungo had loved the fighting. When one is young, life without fighting is not worth living. He had found that even the white men could not endure life without fighting. They were for ever fighting one another at games, hitting and kicking about little balls and telling one another at the end who had won and who had lost and quarrelling about it. It seemed to Kungo a foolish sort of fighting, fit only for girls, but, if the bwanas fought in accordance with their custom, why should not the Kikuyu fight in accordance with the Kikuyu custom? Father McCarthy said that in the white man's fights no one was killed—that to fight in sport was permitted, but that it was wrong to kill because the white man's God, the Bwana Jesus, had forbidden it. Kungo found no fun in a fight unless it was to kill. It was true, the old man reflected, sitting in the sun, that it had so happened that in all his fights he had always killed and not himself been killed. Perhaps that made a difference. But, as he looked back over the years, he felt that he would not have greatly minded had it been his fate to have been

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killed. To those who love fighting, old age, when the arm has grown feeble, when a man sits in the sun and calls for the women to bring him beer and awaits the end, is no great boon. He was not at all sure that he would not have been happier had he met a brave death in battle in his warrior's youth. To kill is better than to be killed, but to be killed is perhaps better than to be old. So it was no glad news to him when in his youth Father McCarthy had come and told him that the tribes were not to fight one another any more. But Father McCarthy was a good man, and that, said Father McCarthy, was what the Bwana Jesus had taught. So Kungo gave up being a warrior and became instead a *njama* to the Bwana Dillon.

THE Bwana Jesus had also said, Father McCarthy had told him, that it was very wrong for a man to lay up treasure for himself. This seemed to Kungo much easier to understand—indeed to be plain common sense—for it was clear that a man who spent all his life worrying about his possessions could never be a happy man. Now when the Bwana Dillon had built his Country Club his rich guests had complained that there were not as many natives around the place as they needed to keep them amused. Therefore the Bwana suggested that he should take up Kungo's village and re-build it at the gates of the Club, and he said that he would give Kungo and his fellow-clansmen shillingi if every evening at sundown they throbbed their war-drums so as to amuse the Bwana's guests.

"I will give you good money," said the Bwana, "for doing nothing."

At first Kungo refused, for, he said, "it is not honourable to make a mockery of the customs of the tribe," but then he reflected that, if a man may not fight, it is more honourable to make a noise than to till the fields. So he accepted. But, when the Bwana Dillon gave him little bits of metal as a reward for throbbing the drums, Kungo, despising them, used to throw the bits away. They were of no use to him since it was his habit to steal his food from the shamba of the neighbouring bwana—for of course it is not right for a servant to steal from his own bwana—nor in those days did he ever murder anyone except two or three times when he was drunk. In every way he lived a perfect Christian life, as the Bwana Jesus had commanded. Nor could he understand it when the Bwana Dillon told him that he did wrong to throw away the bits of metal. He thought at first that the Bwana Dillon only said this because he was a bad Christian. But it was more puzzling when the white priest—Father Plant—who had by that time come in place of Father McCarthy, also told him that he should not throw away the bits of metal, but should take them to a place called a Post Office, where they would be buried in a great cave, and there by a strange magic that Kungo did not at all understand the metal would breed and become more metal, and he could fetch it thence whenever he wanted it and use it to buy goods. When Father Plant told him this, it seemed to him strange. For Father Plant said that he was a disciple of the Bwana Jesus. Yet what he commanded was the direct opposite of what the Bwana Jesus commanded.

YET, when Kungo was a little more than sixty seasons old, things happened that were far more puzzling than Father Plant's teaching about the bits of metal. A war broke out between the English who lived in Kenya and the Germans who lived in Tanganyika, and the English came to Kungo, as they came to the other Kikuyu, and said to him, "You must go and fight in this English war against the Germans." The Germans in Tanganyika, he heard, at the same time said to their Africans, "You must go and fight in this German war against the English."

"Oh," said Kungo, "I used to fight against the Masai when I was a boy, and indeed there is no saner pleasure in life than that of killing in a war. But you, white men, came and told us that it was wrong to fight. If it is wrong for me to fight my enemies, how can it be right for me to fight your enemies?"

"Oh," said the English, "that is quite different."

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The Bwana Jesus had told Kungo that he must not fight, but, when he asked Father Plant, Kungo was surprised to find that Father Plant did not think that the Bwana Jesus would consider it at all wrong for him to kill Germans, so long as he killed them in a white man's war.

"Why," asked Kungo, "are not the Germans then believers in the Bwana Jesus?"

It seemed that they were indeed believers in some sort of way, but that nevertheless—Kungo could not quite understand why—they did not believe quite properly, and that there could be no doubt that the Bwana Jesus would sooner see the Germans dead than be believed in by people like that. So it was right to kill the Germans in a war, and indeed it was even right in a war to kill any Africans who happened to live to the south of the line, though Father Plant was at pains to point out that it would be very wrong to kill them if there was not a war and that it would become wrong to kill them again the moment that the war was finished. This teaching Kungo found very puzzling—and indeed not only puzzling but hard to obey, for there was nothing to mark an African to show whether he came from the north or from the south of the line. The line ran right through the middle of the Masai country, but how was one to know of a Masai whether he was an English Masai or a German Masai, when he certainly did not know himself? For instance, there was a Masai called Lathela, who chanced to be found on the English side of the line when the Serkali came to take the census. He therefore was listed as English. But the twin brother Kimachi chanced at that time to have followed the herds over to the German side a few miles away—for the Masai have no settled home but go where their herds take them. So Kimachi was listed as a German. Kungo came upon the two brothers one day tending their herds, but how could he tell which was his enemy and which was his friend, since he could not tell one from the other? It was hard to know what he ought to do, but he decided that he would kill them both, since it is best to be on the safe side, and that was what the Bwana Jesus would have wished. The Serkali had given him a metal stick out of which fire came—such as the white men used themselves, but Kungo preferred to kill with the panga and to cut off their heads, as that is the more seemly way.

YET if this first war, which was fought when Kungo was still a young man, was always a puzzle to him, he was still more puzzled when in his older years there came a second war. He was too old to fight then himself—being more than a hundred seasons old—and indeed there was little fighting to be done in Africa, for there were no Germans there by that time, and though, to begin with, there was some fighting up in the north of Kenya with the Italians, who in the other war had been on the British side, that did not amount to much. The Serkali then said that for an African to kill another African in Africa in time of war was even more wicked than to kill him at any other time. Because there was war it was above all things necessary that there should be peace, and, when some of the Kikuyu thought that they could take advantage of the war to kill some men of other tribes, the Serkali made up laws even stricter than their normal laws and put the killers in prison. But at the same time they came to Kungo's sons and said to them, "You shall go over the seas to a country called Burma and there fight against a tribe called the Japanese."

"But the Serkali are mad," said Kungo, when they told him of it. "If we fight the Masai, we take their women and their goats and drive them to our land. But, if you fight the Japanese in Burma, how will you be able to bring back over the sea their women and their goats after you have killed their warriors? Why is it wrong to kill the Masai whom we know, and right to kill the Japanese of whom we have never heard?" Kungo could make no sense of it at all.

Yet the Serkali took his sons away and sent them to Burma to fight the Japanese, and his sons, when they came home, told him how in Burma the white men used to fly through the air in great iron *ndeges* and how they would

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drop out of the *ndeges* metal eggs with devils inside them, and that these devils would break out of the eggs with a great noise and would kill many thousands of the Japanese; and, said the white men, to drop these eggs which killed their thousands was a very holy thing to do, but for one African to kill another African in fair fight with a panga was wrong. Kungo did not understand at all.

KUNGO remembered Father McCarthy. He had been a good man. He remembered Bwana Dillon. No one could quite call Bwana Dillon a good man. Yet he had shown Kungo kindness. Kungo had no bitterness in his heart against the white man. He was grateful to those who had taught him how to grow his crops so that they gave a greater yield. He was grateful to the white witch-doctor who had taken the devil out of his wife and made her strong and able to bear more children. Nor when the Mau Mau came was Kungo willing to join with it. For the Mau Mau commanded in its oaths horrible things that were contrary to the customs—that a man should lie with another man, that he should eat the brains of those whom he had killed. There must indeed be a *thahu* on those who took oaths of such wickedness, and it was but natural that they should come to destruction. But it was clear that there was foolishness also in much that the white man said and did. Such foolishness could not be blessed. When he was a young man, Kungo had thought that the white man's rule would endure for many seasons and that it was therefore best to make friends with it. But now that he was an old man he had come to see that it would not endure. There was a *thahu* on the white men for their wickedness, just as there was a *thahu* on the Mau Mau. He now saw that it was not true, as he had imagined in his youth, that the Bwana Jesus was stronger than their own Ngai. It was Ngai who was stronger than the Bwana Jesus and who would win in the end. It was best to stick to the old ways—to the proven ways—to what was natural—to the traditions of the tribe which had been powerful before the white man came and which would still be powerful long after he had gone and was forgotten. For, though nothing else in this world was quite certain, it was certain that he who fell under a *thahu* died of it unless he got himself purified by the *mundumugu*. Was it not only last year that a hyena had dropped its dung outside the *thingira* of Kibara wa Kilundi? Kibara wa Kilundi had been to the Mission School and pretended to laugh at the *thahu* as folly. He said that for no *shillingi* would he go to the *mundumugu*, and did it not happen that ten days later Kibara wa Kilundi was bitten by a black mamba and died?

So Kungo gazed at the hyena's droppings beside his *thingira*. He knew well that it was a bad omen. Father McCarthy or Father Plant might speak of the Bwana Jesus, but, whatever they might say, no rational man could feel comfortable while there were a hyena's droppings beside his *thingira*. Kungo rose to his feet and, stumbling on his stick, he walked off across the village to the *mundumugu*—an old, old man, squatting on the ground before his hut. Kungo looked at the unplucked white hairs on his chin with loathing. He told him of the evil omen. The *mundumugu* played for a time with the beans, as is the custom, then, lifting up his eyes, he bade Kungo slay a ram according to the ritual. Only thus, he said, could the *thahu* be removed. Kungo made his way to where his sheep flock was feeding. He seized a young ram and took it to his hut where he slew it with his panga. Then he dribbled its blood in a circle round the hut. Holding the ram on high, he dribbled some of the blood on the roof of the hut, lest the *thahu* should strike from the sky. For who could tell but that the *thahu*, like so many evil things, might not come down out of a *ndege*? Then he took some thongs of eland hide and bound them round the hut so that they might keep in the good and keep out the evil. Then, the *thahu* being at last removed, he clapped his hands and called out to his wife to bring him some more beer.

"In such a world as this," he said, "in a world that is so full of evil powers, it is best to stick to what is rational."

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F. H. Bradley

Towards a Portrait — By G. R. G. MURE

THE Colleges of Oxford University are autonomous foundations. Each is supported by its own revenues and governed by its own Head and Fellows under its own statutes, which only the Sovereign in Council can alter. The Colleges co-operate with the University in the education of their student members for an Oxford degree, and they co-operate for the most part smoothly, because the Professors and all others who exercise authority in the University are, like all the students, themselves members of a College.

In 1870, the year in which Francis Herbert Bradley was elected to a life Fellowship in Merton College, the condition of celibacy, which attached to all Oxford Fellowships, tended to make the Fellows of an Oxford College a more introverted, if not a more intimately associated, body than they became when the abolition of this semi-monastic rule in 1877 reduced the number of resident bachelors. The link between the Church and the University was still strong, although reaction against the High Church domination of Oxford was already producing an anti-clerical spirit in some quarters. Until 1871 a declaration of Anglican religious orthodoxy was exacted not merely from all teachers but from every student on his matriculation in the University. In 1870 the Warden of Merton was, indeed, the only lay Head of an Oxford College, but there were nine clerics among the twenty-three Fellows who lived, together with fifty or sixty students, in buildings which dated from the 14th to the beginning of the 17th century. Such was the community which Bradley came to join.

The Reverend Charles Bradley, Herbert's father, was the first incumbent of St. James's Chapel, Clapham, and the mainstay of the well-known "Clapham sect." He was a Yorkshireman and a not uncommon 19th-century English type: an evangelical clergyman, noted for his polished but forcible sermons, highly prolific, and a domestic tyrant. He had twenty-two children by two wives and he bullied them all. Herbert, born in 1846, was the fourth child of his second marriage and is said to have been the only one of his offspring who ever stood up to this formidable *paterfamilias*. There is a tale that, to annoy his father, he taught his brothers and sisters (one of the latter, by the way, was playing championship tennis at Wimbledon in the 'eighties) to slide down the banisters and arrive with a crash outside the study door.

Bradley was educated at two Public Schools, first at Cheltenham and then at Marlborough, where one of his half-brothers was The Master. At school he is said to have worked hard and to have been tolerably athletic. He was not unhappy, but he disliked moving from one school to another. He went up to University College, Oxford. There he took a first class in Classical Moderations in 1867, but only a second class, two years later, in the Final School of *Literæ Humaniores*, a course which combines ancient history with both Greek and modern philosophy. Kant, of whom Bradley is reputed to have had some knowledge as a schoolboy, though he had no great sympathy with him later, was beginning to influence Oxford philosophers—there is a quotation from Kant in one question of the logic paper set in 1869—but British empiricism was still dominant, and John Stuart Mill, who later became the main target of Bradley's devastating criticism, was its contemporary prophet. Hence, possibly, his failure to impress the examiners. He stood for a Fellowship at his own College in the same year, but was defeated by Bernard Bosanquet, whom the examiners in *Literæ Humaniores* had placed in the first class. For the rest of their lives the two leading ex-

G. R. G. MURE, *the Warden of Merton College, Oxford, is well known for his philosophical studies (and translations) of Aristotle and Hegel.*

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ponents of idealism in England worked on closely parallel lines, but Bradley's more vigorous mind and incomparably more brilliant and effective style outweighed and outshone the wider scholarship of Bosanquet. It seemed now, however, that Bradley, whose financial resources were exiguous, might be denied a philosophical career. For a short time he worked as a schoolmaster. At Merton, William Wallace, the eminent Hegelian scholar, was tutor in philosophy, and Bradley's election in 1870 may well have been largely due to him.*

UNTIL his death in 1924, Bradley lived unmarried in the College, during the latter part of his life in rooms looking out on to the peace of Christ Church Meadow. A biographer attempting to reconstruct his private life either as a thinker or a man would find his material scanty. He would have to rely on miscellaneous reminiscences of varying authority, and he would have to accept some risk of interweaving myth with fact. For that there are several reasons. Bradley, so far as one can judge, gave the philosophical public all that he had to say. Bosanquet, in a letter to a correspondent about a manuscript of Bradley which he was lending to him, says, "He is very sensitive to anything being printed which he did not write for the press." After the posthumous publication of a few fragments, Bradley's remains were negligible. He read and absorbed what he wanted from the masters of philosophy, and then steadily worked out and expressed his own views. He read those of his contemporaries whose work seemed to him important, but scholarship was always a means to him and not an end, and sometimes, perhaps, a rather distasteful means. He once said that he would like to force German philosophers on pain of death to write in French, because they would then not be able to begin a sentence without knowing how they were going to end it. His known letters are few. He taught no pupils and he never gave a lecture. Moreover, he suffered from two infirmities which considerably hampered personal intercourse: in his later years extreme deafness, and a painful disease of the kidneys which first afflicted him at the age of twenty-five—during one dangerous attack he entrusted the manuscript of *Appearance and Reality* to the Warden of the College. He must, incidentally, have been a difficult patient. Once, when his regular physician was away, he was visited by a young partner whose opening gambit was unfortunate. "I want you, Mr. Bradley," he said, "to have complete confidence in me." "Complete confidence in you!" exclaimed Bradley. "I've never seen you before, and I know nothing about you. Why should I have any confidence in you at all?"

These obstacles to human companionship turned Bradley by degrees into something of a recluse, and he was seldom seen in Oxford outside the College. His brother Andrew, the distinguished Shakespearian scholar, was intimate with him, but few contemporary Oxford philosophers came to visit him, partly because most of them were afraid of his acutely logical mind and his often biting tongue. Cook Wilson, Professor of Logic in the University until 1915 and philosophically a realist, never liked it to be said that he disagreed with Bradley, but I doubt if he ever paid him a call. Bosanquet and Bradley respected one another greatly, and a few letters on philosophical topics passed between them, but I think they seldom met. A. E. Taylor, the Platonic scholar, who was a Fellow of Merton from 1891 to 1896, knew him fairly well and corresponded with him until his death. He speaks of Bradley as a most generous correspondent, prepared to examine any question submitted to him with scrupulous care and untiring subtlety.† Unhappily Taylor lost all Bradley's letters written to him before 1908, and the few later ones which he preserved were mainly on matters of personal interest. Taylor describes him as kind and patient in discussing philosophical topics with himself and other young Fellows of the College, and as having not the slightest desire for disciples. Of later contacts with the young there is little record. Professor Brand Blanshard, however, who came to Merton to read for an advanced degree in 1913, had one or two talks with him, and found him patient and courteous in answering questions. T. S. Eliot, who came for the same purpose in 1914, did not make his acquaintance.

It is unfortunate that we know nothing of Bradley's relations with William Wallace. Harold Joachim, Wallace's successor as philosophical tutor in the College, was close to Bradley in philosophical outlook, but he stood in considerable awe of the great man. I well remember in the summer of 1919 reading an essay to Joachim, whose pupil I was, and raising my voice in criticism of Bradley. Joachim stopped me with a gesture, rose, and shut the window on one side of the room, opened an equivalent amount of window on the other side, and sat down again. When I raised my eyebrows, he said, "Bradley sometimes sits under that window, and I thought he might hear his name mentioned." On another occasion Joachim expressed doubt as to Bradley's exact view on some

* Richard Wollheim's *F. H. Bradley* (Penguin, 1959) gives an excellent account of Bradley's philosophy.

† See "F. H. Bradley" in *Mind*, January, 1925.

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point. I asked, innocently enough, what Bradley said about it in conversation. "I did once put my difficulty to him," Joachim replied. "He said, 'I've repudiated floating ideas, haven't I?' There was a rather fierce look in his eye, and I didn't pursue the topic."

It is only fair that I, who succeeded Joachim as philosophy tutor in 1920, should here confess the slightness of my own contact with Bradley. I had the excuse of a much greater disparity in age and of Bradley's increasing deafness—one thinks twice before one risks having to repeat a probably trivial remark to such a man—but certainly I was afraid of him. Once he told me that he was now so old that he was quite unable to remember what it felt like to be an undergraduate. If, he said, good evidence were produced of some sin he had committed at that time of his life, he would refuse to accept moral responsibility for it, an interesting comment on his doctrine that responsibility rests on the sufficient continuance of personal identity. There survives an extract from a letter written to one of his sisters in 1922, in which, among other rather melancholy reflections on old age, he says that he now tends to judge more and more severely his youthful offences, which he used seldom to recall and, when he did, used to set aside as irrelevant. This he ascribes to weakness and inability to lose himself in the satisfactory present. He regrets that he is denied the true remedy, which is to care for those who are growing up and to lose oneself in them. This would appear to be consistent with his remarks to me on responsibility: he seems to say that, logically, his conscience ought not to irk him, though it does. When in the last year of his life he received the Order of Merit, I congratulated him and observed that it was an award which had never been bestowed except for really great distinction. "I believe that is so," he answered, "but it is poor consolation for being worn out." I had also to write him a formal letter of congratulation from the Mind Association, of which I was then the secretary. To that he replied formally, but he enclosed a small slip of paper on which was written in his firm and rather angular hand, "Your signature is illegible. Try to improve it before it is too late." I did.

One or two other mild rebukes I had from him. He remarked on my usually late appearance at breakfast, the only meal he took in Common Room when I knew him. But he accepted as reasonable my excuse that I had a habit of working late at night in order to avoid interruption. Once my dog, an Alsatian, jumped up on him in the College garden and put its paws on his shoulders. He had no particular objection to that. He loved dogs deeply. When his last dog died it was buried in the garden, and some say that the gardener used to plant flowers on its grave. A photograph of it stood on his mantelpiece, and he said that one could not replace a dog which had slept on one's bed for ten years. But he warned me to teach my dog better manners. "If," he said, "he jumps up on a lady in her best frock, she won't like it."

Bradley also loved birds, and in their defence he would shoot at cats with a pistol, with which he used to practise at a target in the attic above his College rooms. He always carried a pistol with him when he went abroad, though I never heard of him pointing it in earnest at anything but a cat. When he died, there were three revolvers in his possession, none of them registered with the Police.

When seventy-odd British philosophers wrote in 1905 offering to present Bradley with his portrait, he said, though not in his formal reply in which he regretted that his ill-health was an insuperable obstacle, "What have I done to be crucified?" The only extant painting of him is a posthumous portrait by R. G. Eves, who had never seen him and had to rely chiefly on his passport photograph, which was moderately good. I remember that Eves said to me, "I think of him as rugged." "No," I replied, "steely, rather." The result was poor, though it perhaps hardly deserves the comment of Max Beerbohm, who looked at it where it hangs in Merton Common Room and said, "The Bradley Arms."

In a faded photograph of the Warden and Fellows taken in 1877 Bradley appears as an impressive and handsome young man. His forehead has breadth and height, but it is not massive. He has a slightly aquiline nose, good eyes, and a firm mouth not yet covered by a beard, though he wears a moustache and small side-whiskers. He is a good deal better dressed than most of his colleagues. His look is reflective; it might become sardonic. It was perhaps about this time that he named his dog "Pusey," in order that he might vent vicariously upon him the vials of his wrath against the aged Professor of Hebrew, who was the last great figure surviving from the Oxford movement. Here spoke the son of his father, but Bradley was no friend to theology or ritual of any colour. He regarded religion as a practical attitude, and he puts his own position clearly enough in the Introduction to *Appearance and Reality*:

> Our orthodox theology on the one side, and our common-place materialism on the other side (it is natural to take these as prominent instances) vanish like ghosts before the daylight of sceptical enquiry. I do not mean, of course, to condemn wholly either of these beliefs; but I am sure that either, when taken seriously, is the mutilation of our nature.

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A photograph of about the date of *Appearance and Reality* shows him with a check tweed coat and a dark beard. A later generation called it "the intellectual farmer." The nose is a fraction longer than one expects. When I knew him he was well over seventy. I visualise him most easily walking in the garden, tall, spare, and perfectly upright in an admirably-cut light-grey overcoat, a walking-stick under his arm. His grey eyes were still piercing, his nose sensitive but a shade sharp and perhaps a little cruel, the delicate structure of his forehead accentuated by age. His nearly white hair, none of which he had lost, and his carefully trimmed beard added distinction to a face and figure which struck one as supremely and aristocratically dignified, and slightly dangerous. One could imagine him having once fought a duel with one of those pistols—until one remembered that his logic, though not any lack of courage, would have forbidden him to do anything so silly. He might have been an ambassador, but more likely a judge. Save for his beard, he might have been a highly intellectual Field-Marshal. Had he chosen a military career he would doubtless have been a supreme strategist, but he would also have been a martinet.

If Bradley as he grew older became a recluse, he was nevertheless by nature far from unsociable. When he sought the company of the Fellows he gave them good measure. One of his scientific colleagues who joined the College in 1909, did not share his extremely conservative views* and had no great sympathy with philosophers in general; but he reports Bradley as discussing public affairs with brilliant clarity and unanswerable logic. A. E. Taylor, in whose time Bradley still dined regularly with the Fellows, says: "As a conversationalist I have never met his superior, I doubt if I have met his equal, for wit or variety of interests. . . . He had an unusually wide knowledge not only of good literature but especially of social and historical memoirs, which made his table-talk as instructive as it was fascinating." With bores who tried to draw him out unseasonably on philosophical topics "he adopted," says Taylor, "a tone of courteous and high-bred ironical deference which left them baffled, while it provided infinite entertainment for the judicious spectator." Folly and feebleness Bradley could not tolerate, and when he met them he was apt to be more just than kind. A retired science tutor, who still lived in the College and had become slightly senile, he once addressed in these terms: "I have observed that when men get old they tend to develop unpleasant habits. If you should ever notice anything of the sort in me, I should take it as a favour if you would tell me at once." And then, before the old man had time to collect his never very quick wits, he went on, "Now I have noticed the following unpleasant habits in you."† When Bradley was told that the Warden, famed for his loquacity, had broken his arm, his comment is said to have been, "He must have done it trying to hold his tongue." I have heard the same story told with Taylor (another quite irrepressible talker) as the victim.

MERTON has large estates and a good deal of financial business to transact. Bradley took College affairs very seriously, and his opinion carried great weight. He held no office and he was the only remaining life Fellow. He could thus bring a sound and independent judgment based on long experience to bear on the policies of the actual officials such as bursars and tutors, or of the Warden himself. He attended meetings of the Governing Body with scrupulous regularity. When he became very deaf he developed a terrifying habit of rising from his seat and, with his hand behind his ear, leaning over a speaker whose remarks he wished to hear. On one such occasion he was heard to mutter, more loudly than he knew, "The man's a congenital idiot." Wise and shrewd as his counsel usually was, his logical mind sometimes led him into splitting hairs. Now and again his logic had its comic side. His uncertain health made him very sensitive to temperature, and there was always trouble if the Common Room thermometer, which he had insisted on installing, fell below the agreed level. A scheme for heating some part of the College was once under discussion, and Bradley perceived that it omitted the Fellows' water closets. He proceeded to argue —and indeed with irresistible cogency—that it would be quite absurd to heat rooms in which one sat fully clothed, and not to heat apartments in which one exposed the most sensitive portions of one's anatomy. The only speech I can remember hearing him make was of a higher order. In 1919 the Government distributed captured German guns to various educational establishments as memorials of the war. The College received a couple of battered field-guns, and it came to Bradley's ears that some of the Fellows were suggesting that they might be put in the College garden. This seemed to him a gross desecration. Wars, he said, and the feelings

* Bradley hated and distrusted W. E. Gladstone with a burning passion, largely for his failure to support and rescue General Gordon in the Sudan. When he heard that the poet Tennyson was dying, he remarked, "I wish it had been the other old man, but I believe the devil is too much afraid of him ever to come for him."

† He feared senility and had made a study of its physiological symptoms.

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which they roused were transitory things, but Merton garden was a symbol of peace and had in it something of the eternal. Silence followed a speech which moved us profoundly. Those responsible for the proposal were made ashamed. We had been shown, at least in this instance, the difference between appearance and reality. The guns stood on the cricket field for a year or two and then disappeared.

THESE fragments which I have tried to fit together suggest a single-minded devotee in whose self-chosen life of cloistered speculation nothing seriously mattered but philosophy and the business of his cloister; a man of great and varied gifts, but well content to develop only those which served his single purpose; one who could have been at home in many worlds, but felt no urge towards any but his own. In that picture there is one serious and falsifying omission.

Three of Bradley's published works bear a dedication. *Appearance and Reality* (1893) is inscribed, TO MY FRIEND E—— R—— THIS UNWORTHY VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED; *Essays on Truth and Reality* (1914), TO MY FRIEND WITHOUT WHOSE UNFAILING SYMPATHY ITS DEFECTS WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN GREATER THAN THEY ARE THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED; *Principles of Logic*, second edition (1922), TO MY FRIEND E—— R—— THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED.

Even in the little we know of this friendship there are gaps and points of doubt. Bradley, who was almost never seen outside the College walls, spent much time abroad in the winter, when his health demanded a warmer climate. On holiday on the Nile, he made friends with a retired American engineer and his family. They lived in a suburb of Paris where Bradley used frequently to visit them. He fell in love with one of the daughters and seriously contemplated marrying her. It is not perfectly clear why he did not do so. A great-niece of Bradley, who met her long after his death, gained the impression that she received a proposal from Bradley but preferred that the friendship should remain Platonic. According to the more usual and more plausible account, the main reason for this anti-climax was Bradley's own decision that his health and the demands of his work constituted too great an obstacle to matrimony.

This lady was the E—— R—— of the dedications. It is known that the *R* stands for Radcliff. That Radcliff was not her maiden name is made probable by a list of persons who are to receive copies of the posthumous second edition of *Ethical Studies*. The list is in the handwriting of Bradley's sister and includes "Madame Radcliff," which suggests that she was married and still lived in France. On the other hand, no Mr. Radcliff seems traceable, and the general impression among Bradley's few surviving colleagues is that she was unmarried. I think that we cannot be quite certain that she found consolation in a husband, but in any case Bradley continued to see her regularly during the winter vacation and wrote to her nearly every day. Not trusting the College porter, he posted these letters himself in a letter-box just outside the College. Occasionally she came to England and called on him. Her visits threw him into a condition of extreme excitement. One of his colleagues recalls that he came upon Bradley at the railway station, waiting for her train and walking up and down the platform in a highly nervous state.

According to the account given by Bradley's great-niece (reported by her sister in a privately printed volume of reminiscences) Mrs. or Miss Radcliff—her name is unhappily not given—when she met her in 1943, was a vivacious little American, eighty years of age but looking and dressing forty. She chattered incessantly, never opened a book, and took no interest in anything which was not alive. If these figures are exact, Bradley's *inamorata* was seventeen years younger than himself, and he must have been at least thirty-four when he thought of marriage, an additional reason for supposing that it was he rather than she who reached the negative decision. She appeared at his funeral heavily veiled, and she confided to a Fellow of the College (who, incidentally, describes her as not little but "a fine woman") that in his letters to her Bradley had tried to explain his whole philosophy in simple language, but she had burned them all. Seeing Bradley's objection to the publication of material not written for the purpose, one can be pretty certain that she acted on Bradley's instructions; but what a loss! One wonders how much she understood of what she read. Not a great deal, if Bradley's great-niece described her fairly. Yet I doubt if Bradley was deceived. What he expected of a woman is made clear in one of his aphorisms: "Sympathy is perhaps the easiest gift from a woman, and perhaps the hardest from a man." In another he says, "If a woman loves you, you are seeking you know not what when you desire that she should also understand you." In a third he lays down the converse with remarkable humility: "A man's duty to his beloved is to understand her precisely as she desires to be understood."

A HUNDRED of these aphorisms, selected by Bradley himself, were published in 1930 according to his expressed wish. Seven hundred and fifty copies were printed. The type was distributed, and the book is rare. Their quality is high, though their weight is apt to take a little

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from their edge. More than a third of them directly concern love. To link a man's sonnets or his epigrams with the detail of his private life in the absence of very precise confirmatory evidence is, as a rule, misplaced ingenuity. But Bradley was not a professional wit, and two of his sayings directly invite his biographer to make the venture: "An aphorism is true when it has fixed the impression of a genuine experience." And, "Our live experiences, fixed in aphorisms, stiffen into cold epigram. Our heart's blood, as we write with it, turns to mere dull ink." Time after time it is obvious that Bradley wrestles with his own destiny: "In an intellectual aspirant the safest love is for an imaginary object, and that, perhaps, includes all love without possession. If we are to beget unrealities, we must know how to be happy with clouds." But he was not happy with his clouds when he wrote: "The shades nowhere speak without blood, and the ghosts of Metaphysic accept no substitute. They reveal themselves only to that victim whose life they have drained, and, to converse with shadows, he himself must become a shade." "The secret of happiness," he says, "is to admire without desiring. And that is not happiness." His bitterness is sometimes fiercer: "With one man resignation lays up treasure in Heaven; with another man it does but store explosives in the heart." Love seemed to Bradley unlimited in its demands: "Love in its essence tends to be immoral, for it is the instinctive reference of all to the pleasure of one being." And, "Love's extreme is to treat its own devotion as worthless. It must be ready even to prostitute itself to its object." Nor had he any illusions about Platonic love: "When I hear that 'Possession is the grave of love,' I remember that a religion may begin with the Resurrection." Neither did he suppose the Platonic relation easy to preserve: "In love self-control is an affair for two persons. To be sure of oneself is to be certain of nothing." This mood recurs: "The force of the blow depends on the resistance. It is sometimes better not to struggle against temptation. Either fly or yield at once." And here, surely, is very definite personal experience: "If in yourself you cannot break a spring, beware how much you compress it." Occasionally he is cynical, though not at the expense of his romantic ideal of sexual passion: "Re-married widowers, it has been observed, tend to confound the persons of their wives. The reason, I suppose, is that they tend to identify the substance." Of love in its physical aspect he says, "Love is a plant that has blossoms as well as roots in the earth. But, remember, this is God's mystery." Nor was Bradley without interest in the funny side of love. One of his colleagues once asked him why he never read *Punch*, which, in Bradley's day, was read by almost every educated upper- and middle-class Englishman. He said it was full of jokes about domestic life, and as he had no domestic life he found it tedious. But there were in his possession at his death some copies of *La Vie Parisienne*, which the American who might have been his father-in-law used to send him. There was something French about Bradley in all his aspects.

THE only other woman, apart from his mother and two of his sisters, who is known to have played any part in Bradley's life, did not cross his path till 1911. In the winter of that year he made the acquaintance of Elinor Glyn, the once world-famous novelist. They happened to be staying at the same hotel in St. Raphael.

Those to whom the name recalls only the ribald rhyme provoked by *Three Weeks*—

Would you like to sin
with Elinor Glyn
on a tiger skin?
Or would you prefer
to err with her
on some other fur?

—will at once smell scandal; but it would, I am sure, be a false scent. Elinor Glyn certainly had a flamboyant aspect, physical and spiritual. Her green eyes, pale skin, and red hair lent an exotic flavour to her considerable beauty of face and figure, and she dressed herself and furnished her boudoir to give them their full value. Women liked her less than men. Axel Munthe, whose medical advice she once sought, described her in his case-book with the one word "Siren." *Three Weeks*, which is said to have sold five million copies, was a fantastic tale of romantic passion in prose that now seems lush and high-falutin. The love-making of Paul and the glorious *inconnue*, who turns out to be an unhappily married Balkan queen desiring—and of course eventually getting—a perfect son and heir, is described with more abandon than the British literary conventions of 1906 could comfortably stomach. But there was a good deal more in Elinor Glyn than this suggests; a trait of courage and cynicism, for instance, inherited through a half-French grandfather, many of whose maternal relations had perished in the Revolution of 1789. His widow, a dominating influence in the early life of their granddaughter, had strongly inculcated the French aristocratic tradition as she saw it: fear and lack of self-control are luxuries permitted only to the lower classes. She herself was Irish, whence, perhaps, the streak of romantic extravagance which formed the other half of her granddaughter's character. In her earlier books, Elinor Glyn, despite the somewhat exaggeratedly

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aristocratical outlook which appears in all her novels, had satirised quite shrewdly and wittily the hypocrisy and inertia of the Edwardian society in which she moved. *Three Weeks* is not a great work, but it has vigour, fluency, and descriptive power. It is more idealistic than sentimental, and the idealism is tolerably sincere. It succeeded largely because it coincided with the beginning of a revolt against the mixture of puritanism and hypocrisy which was one of the less pleasant characteristics of the Edwardian era. Salacious it is certainly not. Her grandson and biographer* says that Elinor Glyn was interested in love, and not in sex, which in itself she found unromantic, animal, and earthy. At any rate she was not quite so wicked a woman as her female acquaintances and a section of her public liked to believe. Certainly she had loyalty. In 1911 she was writing desperately to pay off the debts of an unsatisfactory husband.

Bradley, who took a considerable interest in fiction, had read *Three Weeks*, and Elinor Glyn describes the beginning of their friendship in her autobiography:

> His strikingly handsome, grey-bearded, and distinguished-looking figure interested me at once, and I think that my odd type must have amused him too, for he actually introduced himself to me as a fellow-author, and we became great friends. He reminded me of my dear Sir Francis Jeune, and like him, he laboured mightily to remedy the faults and fill the gaps of my preposterous education. I could never manage to attain to an understanding of his lofty metaphysics [one wonders whether E—— R—— was as frank] although I treasure a signed copy of his tremendous work. But we used to discuss many interesting theories, especially reincarnation, and I managed to learn a little about the more modern philosophies during our walks together. . . . There were some things, I really believe, which I might have taught him too, had we met earlier in both our lives, for he was a very human and attractive sage, even at past seventy years old.

Bradley, in fact, was sixty-five in 1911 and she forty-seven. She then tells us that Bradley read her novel *Halcyone* in manuscript and provided Greek quotations for it. He also, she says, "insisted on correcting the spelling on every page in a reproachful and, to complete the joke, entirely illegible hand!" The last allegation is improbable: Bradley's writing was usually firm and clear.

One of the characters in *Halcyone*, a scholar nicknamed Cheiron, is based on Bradley. The heroine, whom he has taught Greek and encouraged in her rather confused pagan beliefs since she was twelve, falls, after the usual complications, into the arms of the brilliant and rather caddish young politician who had been his favourite pupil at Oxford. Cheiron watches the affair with kindly cynicism, assisting when he can. The portrait is recognisable but undistinguished. It is conventionalised by a flowing white beard (which Bradley cannot much have liked), and sentimentalised by rather too many lumps in the throat and tears in the old eyes when Cheiron feels that his guileless maiden suffers too much. One remark of Cheiron's is up to standard: "A man's honour towards a woman lasts as long as his love. When that goes, it goes with it—to the other woman." It recalls Bradley's aphorism which begins: "To love his mistress more because he loves her less than his honour, is admirably moral and characteristically male."

Among Bradley's books when he died was an earlier work of Elinor Glyn called *The Damsel and the Sage*—the title sounds prophetic; it looks as if a first-class sage was one of the father-figures in her romantic world of ideas—which is inscribed to Bradley in memory of their conversations at St. Raphael. It contains short fables, and epigrams on love which are somewhat in the same vein as Bradley's aphorisms. She prided herself on its literary merit, and on a sheet of notepaper Bradley has scribbled comments on some of her sayings, generally with approval. In 1912 Bradley wrote, but did not publish, a short article "On the treatment of sexual detail in literature," which now appears in *Collected Essays*. Its tone is anti-puritan, and it is a fair inference that *Three Weeks* was in his mind. His own favourite novelists would seem to have been Balzac and Joseph Conrad. If his interest in so slight an authoress as Elinor Glyn seems out of character, it may be remarked that he was not the only intellectual heavyweight whom she attracted. She had been a friend of Lord Milner, and Lord Curzon tried vainly to mend her spelling and improve her mind, rebuking her, so she says, for her "cursed facility," and reading Aristotle to her when she stayed with him in Derbyshire.

How much light do these glimpses of his private affairs throw on Bradley as a philosopher? Not, I would say, very much. I can think of no philosopher who expressed in his published work more completely than Bradley not only his philosophical views but his own personality. His writings alone reveal him as a passionate and full-blooded man. If Bradley had married, he would not, I feel sure, have been a better philosopher, and he might have been a worse one. A dozen wives would not have kept

* *Elinor Glyn*, by Anthony Glyn (Hutchinson, 1955).

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him from his work, but his writing might have lost something of that power and poignancy which confronts us in every sentence—he might have been too happy. He had, on the other hand, a critical temper and a devastating tongue. Chivalrous and romantic as was his conception of sex, it might not have survived for ever the daily contacts of domesticity. *"Je ne pourrais pas,"* says the old mathematician in Anatole France's *Thaïs, "sans l'aide de Vénus, démontrer les propriétés d'un triangle."* Bradley would have understood him perfectly, but it is another question whether Bradley would have done well to seek the help of Juno pronuba too. There is an aphorism in which he seems to be considering this very point:

> The intellectual life runs two dangers from attachment to a woman. That takes us beyond our common self or reconciles us with it. And the peril is unsettlement or else degraded self-content. There are those who, if they cannot do without mistress or wife, would be better with both.

All the same, I would sooner have been Bradley's mistress than his wife.

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Geoffrey Grigson

Three Love Poems

i

Four centuries back, another you
Made my sad kinsman say
Farewell to Cupid whose blind specs
He'd worn (as I wear them to-day),
And so *he would go play*
With toyes, he wrote, *which pleased him less,*
But did him less betray.

These toyes, you know, were wisdom,
God, eternity, and time,
And teased again (like you, or like his you)
Into such frames of words and stress and rhyme,
Although they scarcely made him smile,
They eased his hateful pressures for a while.

I do not envy him: my words are made,
My heart is fired, my light comes on
And burns in you and where you are,
As yet—as yet—with no distress:
My full account is yet unpaid. But then, no less,
This wisdom, God, eternity, and time
Were each a toy, or each a coronation
Mug for a girl or boy.

And so no matter what rough usage frays me,
Exactly what it is or who betrays me,
In you, my very dear, I will adore
That toy which pleased my noble kinsman more.

ii

I lie upon my bed, and recollected waves of you
Curl up my beach: they fall, they lap, they touch
And die behind me.

I lie and will not move, the day is quiet and blue,
So there is not one hint of storm, and storm
Again outside me.

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Yet feeling you, this heart I made for you,
Though you are not beside me,
Like glittering breakers must thump on, and still
Thump on inside me.

iii

Enchantress's, not bitch's den, not whore's—
This cave across the rivulet is yours;
Its final throat, they say, leads into Hell:
Who cares? Content inside your spell

I've much preferred these marvels of your cave
To salty climbing up the steepest wave.
Indeed, indeed, that legend lies
Which claims your breasts are tipped with eyes,

Or says I've longed and longed to leave
Or that I've begged you to reprieve
These swine that tumble in your pen
By your black magic made from men.

Not men at all, these vile companions were
Old naggings which impelled, impelled me here:
They were my being's vilest notions
Bred of old boredom over oceans.

Then, red-lipped witch, expunge me when
You must restore their shape again.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Strachey's Cry

WHILE JOHN STRACHEY's analyses of the four authors, Koestler, Orwell, Whittaker Chambers, and Boris Pasternak, who have reacted to communism in different ways, are individually perceptive and illuminating, I have some strong reservations about the total frame in which he places these disparate writers and their works. His subtitle "A Literature of Reaction" contains the difficulty of his framework in a nutshell. One might ask "reaction to what?" Obviously to communism.

But the term "reaction" has another connotation. It means reaction to revolutionary politics through extreme conservatism. Only Whittaker Chambers fits into this category. But Strachey is even more sweeping in his overall description of the four writers. He declares: "It is also a reaction to five hundred years of rationalism and empiricism, against in short the Enlightenment. That is its scandal and its power."

This judgment is breath-taking, and I believe almost wholly wrong. It may not be important, but one could speak of "five hundred years of rationalism and empiricism" only if one measured the Enlightenment of the 17th century and 18th century in terms of its earliest Renaissance roots in the 14th century. But neither the early nor the late Renaissance, that is, the Enlightenment, could be defined as "empirical." Perhaps the nub of Strachey's error lies in equating rationalism with empiricism. Certainly communism is and was rationalistic in the sense that it logically deduced strategies and even tactics from a previously held dogma. One might define it as a corrupt Aristotelianism. But could one find any kinship between Marxism and David Hume? The generalisation is in fact inappropriate for all the authors except Whittaker Chambers. In the case of Orwell it is so unfitting that Strachey specifically puts him in a special category. "Orwell the Englishman, alone implies an opposite view." He writes:

> In *Nineteen Eighty Four*, communism itself, now indistinguishable from Fascism is patently irrational. . . . The lesson of his book is not that reason carried to its logical conclusion leads to horror; that consequently we must retreat from reason to some form of mysticism and supernaturalism. On the contrary Orwell is saying that the catastrophe of our times occurred precisely because the communists . . . deserted reason.

Orwell's rationalism, writes Strachey "is of the rough and ready, highly empirical English kind." I take it that Strachey himself has found a resting place in an empirical approach to complex historical and political problems. I should have thought that we have all learned this lesson from the catastrophe of communism.

I DOUBT WHETHER Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon* is clear about this issue. But his other book, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, should have prevented Strachey from putting Koestler in the camp of the mystics. "Koestler considers that reason has run amok, that now it must be limited by the 'oceanic sense' which is his term for mysticism." In *The Yogi and the Commissar* Koestler presents mysticism and political fanaticism as two equally wrong answers to historical problems. Incidentally could one really fit either Koestler or Orwell in one of Strachey's other general categories? About the works of the four authors he declares: "This is anti-political literature. It turns from public to private life." That judgment is valid only for Pasternak, about whom Strachey writes his most acceptable chapter.

Perhaps the consideration of Chambers and Pasternak leads Strachey to his faulty generalisations about the four authors. But even Chambers was not apolitical and did not flee into some private haven. Pasternak alone is thoroughly anti-political and therefore not strictly anti-communist as Strachey rightly observes. The terms "mysticism and supernaturalism" might apply to both Pasternak and Chambers, though I doubt whether Chambers' explicit supernaturalism was mystically derived. In his autobiography, *Witness*, he explains his conversion to a belief in God as being due to reflection about the old teleological argument to which he was prompted by observing the delicate formation of his daughter's ear. That was hardly a mystical experience, though I am quite sure that Chambers had a religious experience in meditating on the problems of evil and on the question whether the burden of guilt could be removed by forgiveness.

AS AN AMERICAN I have serious doubts about Strachey's estimate of the impact of Chambers' book on American liberalism. He speaks of the "avalanche of fear, hatred, and revenge" which started with the Hiss trials and ended in McCarthyism, and which did

> enormous damage, not so much to the political and economic achievements of the New Deal—but to the vigour, freedom, and boldness of American thought and culture.

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An American may be biased, but I think this judgment exaggerates the historical facts out of all proportion. I don't think that McCarthyism had any lasting effect on American culture. Incidentally the New Deal, though accused by the conservatives of having harboured communism, was never seriously affected by communism. It was engineered by men of "rough and ready empiricism" of the kind which Strachey admires. Nor is Strachey right when he contends that American liberals were too amiable to comprehend the necessity of doing what Chambers did in exposing the penetration of communism into government organs. He assumes that the "liberals" were hostile to Chambers on account of his disclosures. This judgment is an error. Few liberals, and certainly not those connected with the government, were hostile to this activity of Chambers. They were of course critical of his effort to equate communism with liberalism or with "rationalism." I credit Chambers with honesty in his religious reactions to his communist past. The fury of this reaction rather refutes Strachey's point that "Whatever Marxist training may do to a man—and it often ruins him—it is a sovereign remedy for superficiality." Most of the ex-communists I know are what they were when they were communists, namely dogmatists and fanatics. Perhaps Orwell's cool empiricism was due to the fact that he was never a communist. Pasternak was certainly never a communist and therefore not a typical anti-communist but merely an exponent of an older religious view of life, which is critical of the materialism of both East and West and flees from the terrors of history, particularly those of a technical age.

A FINAL WORD must be said about Strachey's interpretation of the political history in which both the communism and anti-communism of the intellectuals was generated. Strachey writes: "Apparently the predestined curve of capitalism has turned upward again. The major capitalisms have taken on a new lease of life." As an ex-Marxist of a sort, though not as deeply involved in Marxist dogma as Strachey once was, I suspect that this judgment betrays the Marxist catastrophism of the thirties when fascism was regarded as capitalism in its death throes. Could it be that, not capitalism, but a free society, though undoubtedly in a great crisis during the world depression, never was in as sad a strait as the Marxist dogma avowed; and that the "upturn" is no more than a display of vitality and residual health which the Marxist dogma obscured?

Reinhold Niebuhr

Lewis Namier, Historian

By Arnold Toynbee

LONG before his death, Lewis Namier had won an assured place, and an eminent one, among British historians; and this in itself is a remarkable achievement for a man who was already twenty years old when he first set foot in England. He will remain famous for his researches into the working of the British Parliament in the reign of George III, and this on two counts. He has shattered the traditional picture of the relations between Crown and Parliament in that age, and he has made this intellectual revolution by a method that he was the first historian to apply to British constitutional history. He has approached the study of the evolution of institutions by studying the actions of individual human beings. He has studied these in minute detail from original sources, and this in formidable numbers. He has not only accumulated this mass of new information; he has gone on to sift and analyse it; and he has had the insight to perceive the bearing of all these personal details on the course of institutional events. Genius, in him, certainly included the proverbial "capacity for taking infinite pains," but it combined this with a brilliant gift of intuition. It was this combination of qualities that made Namier the great historian that he was.

In a wider circle of historians over a longer range of future time, one may guess that Namier's method will seem more significant than the consequences of his application of it to a particular episode. Eighteenth-century British constitutional history is not, after all, a world-shaking affair in itself. The general configuration of world history will continue to look much the same, whether one takes the Namierian or the pre-Namierian view about the structure of

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politics in Britain in George III's reign. But our whole approach to the whole of history may be transformed by the Namierian strategy of translating public events back into the precise and concrete terms of the acts of individuals. Every intellectual victory that this strategy wins will bring our picture of history that much nearer to reality. In reality, everything that happens in human affairs is the product of the acts of individual human beings. And, in so far as we fail to describe events in these realistic terms, we are talking, not history, but mythology. A battle or a parliamentary election is lost or won; a constitutional issue is decided or left open—so we say. But this abstract impersonal language is camouflage for our actual ignorance. We are really confronted with the interplay of innumerable acts of innumerable persons. Between these realities and the conventional counters that we use in historical writing there is a great gulf fixed. Namier's highest and probably most enduring title to fame is as one of those pioneers who, in his generation, have had the vision and audacity to try to bridge this gulf by the technique which, in the province of Greek and Roman history, has come to be known as *prosopography*: "the study of personalities."

Namier himself applied his chosen tool to other fields besides that of 18th-century British constitutional history. On the occasion, for instance, of the centenary of the European Revolution of 1848 he explored and analysed the personal histories of the members of the German parliament at Frankfurt, and he made a most illuminating discovery in this field too. He found that a majority of the men who made their mark in German politics in 1848 came from German territories that had changed sovereigns in the peace settlement of 1814–15. The inhabitants of these territories had been prised away from their historic political allegiances. They found psychological compensation in attaching their uprooted loyalty to the new ideal of a united Germany.

In other fields the Namierian method has been used by other pioneers. Sir Ronald Syme has applied it to the last two centuries of the history of the Roman Republic, Professor W. Eberhard to the study of Chinese history (a field in which our information about personalities, in many different walks of life, is almost incredibly rich). The interesting point is that these pioneers have started their simultaneous work in these different fields quite independently of each other. Their parallel explorations are evidently responses to one and the same intellectual demand. It looks as if, in the field of historical studies, Namier and his fellow pioneers in prosopography were "the wave of the future"—or, at any rate, one crest of it.

NAMIER found his métier as the pioneer applier of the prosopographical technique to the study of 18th-century British constitutional practice, but he served his apprenticeship, in his undergraduate days at Oxford, as the Balliol man from East Galicia. This looks like a piquantly different role. Yet Namier's personal and social background, which appeared, at the time, so exotic to his English contemporaries' eyes, goes a long way towards explaining how he came to use his method and also how he came to succeed so brilliantly in his application of it to the history of his adopted country, England. In fact, the Namierian technique may be as illuminating when applied to Namier himself as it has been when applied by him to the Germany of 1848 and to the England of 1760.

On coming to Balliol in 1908, Namier discovered a fascinating new world and fell in love with it. Incidentally he revealed another world—equally new and equally fascinating—to any of his Balliol friends who had the curiosity to gaze through the window that Namier opened for us into an unsuspected East European wonderland.

But it was not only Eastern Europe that Namier revealed to his English fellow-undergraduates; he revealed our own country to us as well; for he made us see England through his eyes, and those eager, penetrating eyes caught a fresh vision of England which was excitingly different from the conventional native cliché. One of Namier's eyes was a rabbinical scholar's. He was proudly conscious of his descent from the Gaon of Vilna. The other eye was a Polish landowner's. His family were Roman Catholic (Latin rite) landowners of Jewish origin in the eastern part of Galicia. Galicia was at that time one of the crown lands of the Empire of Austria. It is divided to-day between two Communist republics: Poland and the Ukrainian constituent republic of the Soviet Union.

Namier's hereditary rabbinical eye for minutiæ is surely part of the secret of his success in applying the prosopographical method to the study of 18th-century British politics. After he and I had each struck out our different lines of inquiry, Namier once said to me that at least we resembled each other in dealing with history differently from the way followed by most contemporary historians.

"You," he said, "try to look at the whole tree. I try to dissect the tree's texture, leaf by leaf. Most of the others break off a branch and try to cope with that. You and I agree," Namier added, "in not favouring that method."

Namier's vein of Jewishness was, of course, not exclusively intellectual. He had also inherited a Jewish emotional intensity and even fanaticism. So, when he discovered the 17th-

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century English Puritan writers, their spirit struck an answering chord in him. They, and not their Laodicean 18th-century successors, were Namier's first love in his wooing of England past and present.

MEANWHILE, Namier's other eye—his Polish Roman Catholic one—was also making penetrating observations of English life; and here, too, Namier saw things to which our native English eyes had been blind, because we had taken these things for granted. I remember his excitement over his discovery of the emotional timbre that is given to the English language by the use of Biblical quotations and allusions. This was a stop which the organ of the Polish language did not possess, and which therefore caught Namier's ear when he listened to the music of English speech. The Biblical note was lacking in the Polish language, for Roman Catholics of the Latin rite the Bible was imprisoned in the Latin of the Vulgate. There was no consecrated and familiar translation in the vernacular which could influence the living language, as King James I's authorised version of the Bible has influenced the English language ever since it was published.

Namier's love of his adopted country England was not solely intellectual or just platonic. For the sake of it, he rejected a fortune, and did his best to risk his life, on the outbreak of the First World War. August 1914 found him in the United States in partnership with an East Galician Jewish immigrant. This partner of his had been an orphan child whom Namier's family had taken into their home and had brought up. He was very grateful, and he had shown his gratitude by inviting Namier to go shares with him in the profitable American business that he had built up. Namier did not much like the business, anyway. His enterprising partner had started in America as a miner but had quickly found a much more lucrative profession as a controller and political manipulator of the "hyphenated" communities' foreign-language press, which at that date had an appreciable influence on American national life. In money matters, Namier was in the grand tradition of Jewish rabbinical scholarship. Money-making did not interest him, and he had an integrity that made him shy away from anything that might be suspected of being shady. When, at the outbreak of war, his partner seemed to him to be showing pro-German proclivities, Namier came back to England and enlisted in the Public Schools Battalion. He was thwarted by his physical eyesight, which was not up to the standard of his mental vision. Rejected for active service in the British Army, he was recruited into the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office.

ONE DAY—it was some date between the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia and the Armistice of 1918—*The Morning Post* came out with a leader headed "Bernstein on Braunstein." This article was a riposte to one published by Namier in which he had suggested, in very moderate terms, that there might perhaps, after all, be something to be said for Trotsky. *The Morning Post*'s headline was ingenious and witty, though malicious. By origin, Trotsky, like Namier, was an East European Jew, and there was a legend that a Polish Roman Catholic priest authentically named Trotsky was permanently immobilised in Switzerland because, as a student there, he had soft-heartedly lent his passport and had never got it back. He had lent it, according to the story, to a fellow-student called Braunstein, who had burnt his fingers in revolutionary political activities and was wanted by the police.

This story of Trotsky's change of name may be apocryphal, but for the story of Namier's I am a first-hand witness. Namier's change of name was a symbolic act. It was a declaration of the transfer of his allegiance from *Polonia Irredenta* to England, and the act agitated him emotionally. His homeland had not lost all its hold on his feelings, as was shown by his choosing, for his English name, a reminiscence of the name of the family estate in East Galicia. I remember his explaining to me, earnestly and in detail, why he had decided to take the name NAMIR. He then went off to Somerset House, did the business, and came back with his emotional tension obviously relaxed. But, a few days later, he turned up in a state of greater agitation than ever. He had recollected the English name NAPIER, and had realised that, in the light of it, NAMIR would look hopelessly exotic. We quickly found the remedy for his distress. He paid a second visit to Somerset House, put down a second fee, and came back, this time, NAMIER and content. Neither NAMIR nor BERNSTEIN will go down to history as the famous name associated with the prosopographical revolution in our picture of the structure of 18th-century British politics.

NAMIER'S CHANGE OF NAME left him still a Polonophile. His sentiment for his family's Polish present had not yet collided with his sentiment for their Jewish past. Till Poland regained her political independence in the peace-settlement after the First World War, Namier had thought of the Poles and the Jewish diaspora in their midst as being fellow-victims of oppression, and he had thought of the two communities' co-existence as being a symbiosis that was mutually advantageous to both parties. I remember his explaining to me how every Polish landowner had a *Hausjude* who looked

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after his business affairs for him. But, as soon as Poland became independent, the Poles behaved with the usual nastiness of our common human nature. They grudged the Polish Jews their proportionate share of the desirable jobs in the new state, and they used their political power as a majority to push the Jews out. In retrospect, one can see that Polish independence was likely to breed this Polish anti-semitism, but this turn of affairs in Poland took Namier by surprise and embittered him. It drove him to choose between the Polish and the Jewish strand in his family heritage, and he opted chivalrously for the party that was now alone in being ill-treated, and against the party that had now become an oppressor after having for so long been oppressed. In thus rallying to his Jewish past when the Jews in Poland found themselves in trouble, Namier was doing in the early 1920s what so many Germans of Jewish or partly Jewish descent did in the 1930s, when the Jews met with worse trouble in Germany, and his reaction took a militant form which has become all too common among Central and East European Jews in the post-Hitlerian age. He became a fanatical Zionist, and remained one for many years.

NAMIER'S ardour for Zionism was so hot that, for a time, he subordinated to it even his devotion to historical scholarship, which was the true master-passion of his life and which has also been the field in which he has deservedly made his name. Namier's Zionism was, so far as I could judge, purely secular and non-religious. I do not know at what stage in his early life he had ceased to be a believing Catholic, if he ever was one. He was certainly no longer one in 1908, when he made his first appearance in Oxford. And his conversion from Polonism to Zionism was not accompanied by any change that I could see in his attitude towards religion. I am in the dark about his later religious history, but I do know, and this, again, from personal experience, that the fierce, and at times even vindictive, vein in his character, which was sometimes distressingly evident in his Zionist period, had notably abated in his later years. This last stage of Namier's life was, I believe, by far the happiest, and it was also marked by a new-found gentleness and serenity. This changed temper of his later years chimed in well with the lovable vein in his character. He was lovable from first to last, even when he was tilting against his friends and they were feeling the blows.

THOUGH NAMIER STROVE manfully to become a thorough Englishman, there was one English characteristic that he was constitutionally unable to acquire, and that was the Englishman's ignorance of, and indifference to, Eastern Europe. However many times he came across this English trait, each fresh exhibition of it always gave him a fresh shock.

In 1913, for instance, during the Balkan Wars, he once came back to Oxford, from a visit to his East Galician home, in a state of considerable alarm. "The Austrian Army," he reported to us, "is mobilised on my father's estate, and the Russian Army is mobilised just across the frontier, twenty minutes' walk away. The situation is very serious." Naturally enough, he could not understand why we burst out laughing. The goose that was being cooked in Eastern Europe was our goose too, as well as his. He tried patiently to explain this elementary truth to us, but it was no good. All that we cared to see was that Namier was playing up famously to his ludicrously exotic native *mise-en-scène*. Till Namier had loomed up over our eastern horizon at Oxford, we had supposed that Anthony Hope's Ruritania was fiction, but now, in Namier, it had turned comically into fact. The man was just back from Ruritania in real life. This reaction of ours to Namier's grave report may sound incredible, but it is true and, moreover, it was characteristic of the native-born Englishman's attitude before August, 1914 —a date that was fifteen months off in the future when Namier came back from his last pre-war visit to his family home.

Nor did even August, 1914, and its apocalyptic sequel, suffice to educate the English in East European affairs at all thoroughly. By the end of the First World War, some of the most distinguished of them, holding the most responsible positions, had still a good deal to learn. One day, a week or two before the armistice of 1918, Namier staggered into my room in the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office, where we were both then working as temporary Foreign Office clerks. He had a look of stupefaction on his face, and could hardly describe to me coherently what had just happened to him.

What had happened was that Lord Robert Cecil had sent for Namier to learn from him something about Austria-Hungary. Cecil needed to know something about her now, as he had just been appointed head of the League of Nations section of the British delegation to the forthcoming peace conference. Namier had come into the Minister's room with a map of the Dual Monarchy in his hand. He had chosen a simple map in three colours: Austria red, Hungary yellow, Bosnia-Herzegovina green (the map was still in Namier's hand, and I have remembered those colour to this day).

"This map must be wrong," Lord Robert had said, putting his finger on Namier's native

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Galicia, of all places. "This piece ought to be yellow, not red, oughtn't it?"

"No," Namier had shyly instructed him, "Galicia is part of Austria, not of Hungary."

There had been a moment's pause, and then Lord Robert had added meditatively: "What a funny shape Austria must be." And this from a man who had lived through the war as Minister of the Crown in charge of the blockade of the Central Powers.

SUCH British ignorance as this was shattering for Namier. I expect, every time that he recollected the incident, it gave him, ever after, an undiminished shock. Yet there was one pertinent point which probably escaped Namier's notice, because it needs a native-born Englishman's prosaic mind to appreciate anything so absurdly practical. Lord Robert's ignorance of Austria-Hungary was indeed as colossal as only an Englishman's could be. But it was colossal without being detrimental; for, after all, Lord Robert did not really need to know much about the Monarchy's curious structure in order to do his two successive jobs of blockading her while she was still in being and launching the League of Nations after she had ceased to be. This is, of course, a typically English defence that Namier could not ever have accepted. He could never have become naturalised to that degree.

So there I will leave him, a fully naturalised Englishman at heart, but never quite naturalised intellectually—and thank goodness for that. If he had succeeded in becoming one hundred per cent English in mind, he could never have done the great things that he has done for English historical scholarship.

London Commentary

Bombs and Scapegoats

By David Marquand

THE "Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament" has won a famous victory: David (armed for the occasion with the voiceless and involuntary votes of a number of assorted dockers, engineers, and bus drivers) has routed Goliath. Aldermaston has spoken; and Labour's Smith Square has been shaken to the foundations. But what happens next? Will the anti-Bomb unilateralists succeed in smashing the Labour Party rather as the anti-slavery abolitionists in 19th-century America smashed the Whigs? Is Harold Wilson destined to be the Lincoln of the C.N.D.? Will the unilateralists win further victories? Was Scarborough really their Blenheim, or only their Borodino?

Many "Gaitskellite" M.P.s believe that the C.N.D. has reached its peak. One or two are so confident of victory at the next Party Conference that they are prepared to promise in advance that its verdict shall be accepted as party policy. Their optimism is based on surer grounds than the normal complacency of politicians, for there are signs that the C.N.D. will not recover from its successes. Victory, after all, is notorious for temptations; and the C.N.D.—or some sections of it—seem to have succumbed. Until now, the greatest strength of the Campaign has been its aloof superiority to "party politics." Their eyes, we were made to feel, were focused on higher things than Hansard; they marched to a nobler rhythm than the shuffle of feet through a division lobby. They were, in fact, the Salvation Army of politics. Their position now is as though the Salvation Army had suddenly inherited a majority shareholding in a Soho strip-club. Its first instinct, no doubt, would be to close the club. But then second thoughts might creep in. Would it not be more prudent, for the sake of the funds, and on a temporary basis only, to keep the place open?—taking care, of course, that no really significant flesh should be revealed? Something like that seems to have happened to the C.N.D. By backing Harold Wilson for the leadership of the Labour Party, although he is not a unilateralist and has repeatedly emphasised his support for NATO, unilateralist M.P.s have robbed the Campaign of some of its spiritual gloss. What started as a "moral crusade," now looks suspiciously like another faction in the Labour Party.

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To the publicists and prelates at the head of the Campaign this must have seemed an obvious, indeed a clever, tactical move. However unworldly they may be, they must have realised that their goal can only be reached through the House of Commons; and that an essential first step is to capture a major political party. Crusades, they must have said to themselves, are all very well—but only if they reach the Holy Land. If so, they have misunderstood their own followers, and the reasons for their own success. The publicists and prelates are not responsible for the success of the C.N.D. The men at the top have been swept forward by the marchers below. If the C.N.D. had consisted of nothing but Canon Collins and Victor Gollancz, multiplied thousands of times over, no one would ever have paid it any attention. The heroes of unilateralism are the students and housewives, the schoolteachers and bank clerks, who have marched from Aldermaston. They were not trying to take over the Labour Party. They were bearing witness against sin; and demanding the right to stay alive. They marched against Mr. Gaitskell, not because they disliked him personally and still less because they wanted to "nationalise the means of production, distribution, and exchange," but because he had become the symbol of the incorrigible sinfulness of *all* politicians. If the need arose they would march with equal enthusiasm against Harold Wilson or Michael Foot—and if Canon Collins became a politician, they would march against Canon Collins. The C.N.D., in fact, has always contained two quite different groups: the politicians, of varying hues, who hoped to use it as a weapon in some wider battle; and the rank-and-file who joined it out of a contemptuous indifference to all politicians, of all hues whatsoever. If the rank-and-file ever comes to believe that it is being used by the politicians in the movement, the C.N.D. will collapse or disintegrate.

The quarrel between Canon Collins and Lord Russell may, indeed, be the first sign of such a split. No one knows what form of direct action Bertrand Russell and his Committee of 100 propose to take. The first meeting of the Committee, as reported in *The Guardian*, apparently considered a number of suggestions, ranging from capturing the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Budget Day to setting up a pirate radio station to jam the B.B.C. There is something rather splendid in the spectacle of the last of the Whigs solemnly emulating his 17th-century ancestors in this fashion—but however attractive to those with a sense of history, his manœuvres can hardly fail to embarrass the moderates in the C.N.D. Civil disobedience, after all, is a dangerous weapon, notoriously apt to explode in the faces of those who try to use it. This is not to deny that civil disobedience has sometimes succeeded. Gandhi drove the British out of India; and the American "lunch-counter demonstrations" in the Southern states have helped to end a particularly spiteful form of segregation. But neither of these examples is relevant to present-day Britain. Gandhi was a nationalist leader, supported by the overwhelming majority of the Indian people. His campaign was non-violent, only because he believed in non-violence. *Satyagraha* was backed by the tacit threat of violence; and if the British had not given way to persuasion, they would have been made to give way to force. The lunch-counter demonstrations in the South, it is true, have no forcible sanctions looming behind them. But the civil disobedience campaign, after all, has been directed against the weakest links in the chain of segregation. Civil disobedience has given some Negroes the right to sit in the White sections of some buses; and it has also given them a new sense of solidarity and pride. But it has not given them votes.

In any case, Britain is not Bombay or Birmingham, Alabama. The way to win over public opinion in this country is to get Bishops to write letters to the Press, not to get philosophers put in gaol. So far the C.N.D. has been eminently respectable. At first, it is true, one or two malicious people were ill-mannered enough to snigger. But in three years, the C.N.D. has become the least sniggered-at organisation in Britain. No one laughs at it—any more than atheists laugh in church. Any really hard blows against it have been treated as unseemly. When Mr. Gaitskell lost his temper at Scarborough, and made the not very startling observation that some members of the C.N.D. were "fellow-travellers," even his supporters felt that he had been hitting below the belt. For one of the unwritten rules of the British Constitution is that it is always the close season for unilateralists. They are allowed to say what they like about their opponents—but it is unsporting to answer in kind.

If the Committee of 100 carries out its threats, this decorous atmosphere will disappear. Unilateralism, instead of being a respectable eccentricity will become a threat. Societies, after all, are like individual people. Tell them how wicked they are, and they will sagely nod their heads; kick them in the teeth, and they are apt to kick you back. In theory, it might be possible to devise forms of direct action which did not involve kicking society in the teeth. But why? Direct action can serve one of two purposes: either it is a novel way of winning sympathy, like chaining oneself to railings or fasting unto death—or it is a form of coercion, like disrupting public ceremonies or throwing explosives

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into letter-boxes. The object of the first form of direct action is to advertise one's sincerity and by implication the nobility of one's cause, by undergoing voluntary and unnecessary suffering. This is what Gandhi did when he threatened to fast to death. His example, however, is irrelevant: no one disputes that the C.N.D. is sincere. The important question is whether its policy is wise. If Bertrand Russell and Arnold Wesker deliberately starved to death, most people would applaud their courage, but the status of their arguments would be exactly what it was before. For that reason, the Committee of 100 is more likely to undertake the second, coercive form of direct action. But here there is a second difficulty. Coercive direct action is either a waste of time—or an act of revolution. If the Committee of 100 marches on the War Office, and gets arrested for its pains, it will merely look silly. Suppose, then, that it decides on genuine revolutionary action. It would, in the first place, be mildly inconsistent for an organisation aiming at unilateral disarmament to use force to get it. More important, revolutionary action only succeeds when the mass of the people sides with the revolutionaries. The Conservative vote at the last election scarcely suggests that there is a revolutionary situation in Britain to-day.

PARADOXICALLY, the most widely held argument for believing that the unilateralist tide will soon begin to ebb is the outcome of the Scarborough conference. The most surprising feature of the conference was not that Gaitskell lost, but that he almost won. No one who watched the debate can doubt that by the end of his speech, most of the delegates physically present in the conference hall were on his side. The trade union votes which defeated him were decided before the conference opened, and before the Executive policy had even been published. The constituency party delegates, who are less rigidly bound by their mandates, voted for Gaitskell by 6 to 4. Many of them had arrived at Scarborough completely ignorant of the Executive policy, and determined to vote against "The Bomb." Then, when they heard the debate, they discovered that the Executive, too, was against the British Bomb; and that the real argument was not about nuclear weapons at all, but about NATO. At that point, many of them changed their minds. If Gaitskell could convert his audience at Scarborough, optimistic Gaitskellites are now saying, he can convert other audiences in future. The Aldermaston marchers, they say, marched against the Bomb—not against NATO. Now that NATO has become the issue, the C.N.D. will decline.

There is some truth in these arguments. It is undeniably true that the manœuvres in the Parliamentary party have, to some extent, tarnished the unilateralist cause. It is equally true that Bertrand Russell has divided the movement, and that if his committee continues as it has done it will bring the movement into disrepute. What is not true, however, is that an argument over NATO must necessarily be won by the "Gaitskellite" section of the Labour Party.

UNILATERAL disarmament, as Lord Dalton has said, is not internationalism: it is "national egoism run mad." But why assume that the Aldermaston Marchers are ashamed of being national egoists? Nationalism is the strongest force in the world to-day. It has destroyed the British Empire; it has revolutionised Africa and Latin America; it has inspired the unarmed students of Budapest to defy Soviet tanks; it has put Castro in power in Cuba and de Gaulle into the Elysée Palace; it has created a geographical anomaly like Pakistan and sustained an economic impossibility like Israel. Why should nationalism triumph everywhere—except in Britain? Why should nationalism be a Left-wing force in Asia and Africa—and in Britain be confined to the Right? In the days when Britannia ruled the seas, the British Left was almost bound to be internationalist, for the enemies of Britain were the enemies of the British ruling class. But even then, the British Left was less internationalist than it looked. Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw supported the Boer War; H. M. Hyndman, the father of British Marxism, supported the First World War. Between the wars, the Left grew more nationalist still. George Orwell had a deeper and more fervent love for his country than most Tories (and under stress, he could write like a hysterical cousin of Colonel Blimp). When the war came, it was no accident that the Labour Party preferred the fire-eating opponent of Indian independence, Winston Churchill, to Neville Chamberlain—who had sacrificed British interests in what he thought was the cause of peace.

THE IMPLICATION of these facts has been obscured by the gigantic shadow of Marx. But to-day it is the bourgeoisie that has no country. On the continent, the Common Market was created by the Christian Democrats, not by the Socialists. And in Britain, it is the Conservatives who give most support to the American alliance, not the Labour Party. This is not to say that Colonel Blimp is buried. Suez showed that in this country—and Nixon has been busily showing it in the United States. Nor is it to deny that there is a section of moderate Left-wing opinion which is more genuinely internationalist than anyone on the Right; Mendès-France, Hugh Gaitskell, Jo Grimond, Adlai Stevenson. But the chief characteristic shared by those four is their inability to win elections.

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In some respects, the nationalism of Aldermaston is uncannily like that of Colonel Blimp. Like the extreme Right of the Conservative Party, the C.N.D. refuses to acknowledge the decline in Britain's power and prestige and that thanks to their decline, Britain's moral gestures may no longer count. One of the main unilateralist arguments is that if Britain ceased to rely on nuclear weapons, other countries would be obliged by her moral example to follow suit. That argument could only take root in a country which has not yet realised that it is no longer a Great Power, and which has been a Great Power for so long that it has forgotten that moral influence is simply a polite euphemism for power which is not actually used. Some of the more articulate members of the C.N.D.—like Michael Foot and the editors of *New Left Review*—are in a curious, inverted way closer still to Colonel Blimp. Theirs is what might be called the "White man's burden" school of unilateralism. Britain, they admit, has indeed lost power and prestige. But that is because she belongs to NATO. A unilateralist foreign policy would win back her prestige and even her power, in a new and superior form. Once out of NATO, say these Bismarcks of the Left, Britain would form a neutral bloc to work through the United Nations and compel the Great Powers along the path to peace. It is far from clear why Britain should have more influence on the United States after leaving NATO than she has inside it. But though the details of the argument are obscure, its appeal is obvious. Morality is to provide a surrogate for Empire.

IN SPITE of these latter-day Jameson Raiders, most members of the C.N.D. have more in common with De Valera or Nkrumah than with Cecil Rhodes or Joseph Chamberlain. Theirs, in fact, is a kind of peasant nationalism, a nationalism of the under-dog. Its aim is independence, not dominion. Hence its violent anti-Americanism. The average unilateralist is as suspicious of the United States as the late Colonel McCormick used to be of Britain—and for much the same reason. The British Prime Minister, he thinks, is just a "lap dog of the Americans;" a puppet whose strings are pulled in Washington. In fact, these suspicions are as ill-founded as those of isolationist Middle-Westerners before the war. America's power over Britain is not much greater than Britain's influence over America. From London, NATO looks like camouflage for a sinister kind of dollar imperialism. In the Mississippi Valley or even in California, it can be presented, with equal plausibility, as an attempt to avenge Saratoga and Yorktown. Read the (London) *Tribune* and you will discover that Britain is being swept towards war in the wake of the Pentagon. Read the (Oakland) *Tribune* and you will learn that America is being cozened into surrender in the wake of the Foreign Office. Both suspicions are baseless. But, if anything, the American caricature of "perfidious Albion" is slightly closer to the facts than the British caricature of America as the Texas Ranger of diplomacy. The United States, after all, has not yet swept us into war—though she has swept us out of a war we ourselves had started. But on at least one occasion in the last ten years, a British Prime Minister was able to persuade the Americans not to use nuclear weapons against a Communist army.

Facts, however, are almost powerless against myths. In the mythology of the C.N.D., the American people have been transformed into lifeless robots, instantly obeying every order from the Chiefs of Staff, and the President has become an office boy for the Defence Department. The most anti-militarist people in history have been transformed into a cross between Moltke's Prussians and Lycurgus' Spartans. NATO, whose establishment was a triumph for American liberalism and which was savagely resisted by the American Right, has become an agency of American imperialism. And Britain, whose voice in NATO is second only to that of the United States, has become a powerless, voiceless tool of Dr. Adenauer and Admiral Rickover.

LIKE MOST MYTHS, this one feeds on one of the deepest human emotions: the need for a scapegoat.

Unilateralists are good people; and they believe that most other people are good also. But if most people are good, why is the world so bad? If ordinary people want peace, why is the world poised on the edge of war? In the Middle Ages they would have burned heretics as an answer. In the 17th century they would have burned witches. Now they march from Aldermaston. In all three cases, the underlying emotion is the same: evil must have one single, readily identifiable, easily accessible cause. Get rid of the cause, and you get rid of the evil. Useless to argue that nuclear weapons are not the chief cause of world tensions; that although the British people—who have had no experience of totalitarian rule—might prefer Communism to war, millions of people in less fortunate countries do not; that if no nuclear weapons existed, bacteriological weapons might be used instead; that no country with a supply of nuclear physicists can be trusted not to manufacture nuclear weapons merely because it has announced its determination not to do so; that therefore the world will not be safe until both sides have disarmed and adopted the most stringent measures of control. Useless to argue so—useless, in fact, to argue at all. One cannot argue with an emotion.

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Unilateralists, Multilateralists

WE, *the undersigned, wish to express our astonishment at statements persistently made by politicians of all parties about the objects and intentions of "Unilateralists." According to the press, Mr. Gaitskell, for example, has more than once said that we demand, in effect, that Great Britain should go to her allies and propose that the West shall renounce nuclear weapons and that he cannot understand why we do not demand that Russia should do the same.*

These statements bear no resemblance to any policy sponsored by any responsible body of unilateralists. The unilateralist motion which was carried at the Scarborough Conference begins with an explicit statement that the only defence for Britain depends on settlement of international differences and that the conference should press for an international disarmament agreement. No suggestion that America should renounce nuclear weapons while Russia retains hers is to be found in the literature of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and its latest pamphlet, Let Britain Lead, *explicitly states that exactly the same request for disarmament be made to Russia and to the United States.*

We are all multilateralists, we, Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Gaitskell, and, indeed, all thinking people. There can be no security while the present armament race continues. A "unilateralist" is someone who holds that the present disarmament deadlock between America and Russia is unlikely to be broken without an effective lead from public opinion, and Britain, a Nato power with American bases on her territory, is in the best position to give this lead. We believe that the most effective way of doing so is to make it clear that we do not intend to rely on nuclear defence in the future and to invite other powers not to accept nuclear weapons or bases, the possession of which would ensure their destruction in the case of a war between the United States and the U.S.S.R. We are not alarmed to be called "neutralists" if this means that we want to unite with all the other powers, large and small, which do not want nuclear bombs and bases, and with them to bring pressure on Russia and America for real progress towards multilateral agreements.

L. JOHN COLLINS; FRANK BESWICK; A. FENNER BROCKWAY; JOYCE BUTLER; TOM DRIBERG; ANTHONY GREENWOOD; JUDITH HART; JOHN HORNER; LENA JEGER; KINGSLEY MARTIN; IAN MIKARDO; LAURENCE PAVITT; STEPHEN SWINGLER; ROBERT WILLIS; TED HILL.

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

THE *more plainly the unilateralists state their case, the more absurd this case appears.*

In their letter to-day they write: "No suggestion that America should renounce nuclear weapons while Russia retains hers is to be found in the literature of the Campaign...." Logic compels them to recognise that neither America nor Russia can discard their nuclear weapons unilaterally without risking world domination by the other.

It follows from this, however, that the possession of nuclear weapons is not necessarily immoral or wrong, and that, until multilateral disarmament is achieved, H-bombs in the hands of the Pentagon perform a necessary function.

Was this really the message of Aldermaston? Was it for this that so many people marched so far?

And of course this admission that the American nuclear deterrent is necessary to prevent Soviet domination destroys the unilateralists' case for "neutralism" for Britain. It would be immoral to shelter under such a deterrent without helping it; and "neutralism" would mean far more than that. We have only to imagine the boot on the other foot, and suppose that Hungary and East Germany declared themselves neutral unilaterally, and demanded the withdrawal of Soviet bases and troops. This would be a shattering blow to the Warsaw Pact, and to the maintenance of Communism in Eastern Europe.

Even more—since Britain is a much bigger Power—would our neutrality shatter Nato and the maintenance of the non-Communist way of life in the West. This is why the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is receiving such strong and active support from the Soviet Government, and from the British Communist Party.

When I was in the Soviet Union last month, I found great enthusiasm there for the C.N.D. programme (but not for unilateralism in Hungary and East Germany!). And a recent pamphlet by the General Secretary of the British Communist Party, after describing the Labour Party's Scarborough decisions as "a very important step but only the beginning," went on to say: "All militant socialist and progressive forces have played their part. But who can deny the vital and indispensable role of the Communist Party and its years of struggle in bringing about this situation? The increasing demand of left M.P.s and militant trade unionists, now spreading throughout the country, that Gaitskell must resign, should be stepped up in every way."

Unilateralists are not all Communists and fellow-travellers. But their campaign is in practice endangering peace and giving great help to the Communist cause.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

House of Commons

The Times, 17/19 Nov.

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WILL THIS NEED FOR A SCAPEGOAT disappear because the leaders of the Labour Party no longer support the independent British deterrent? Will the thousands who marched to Aldermaston march no more because NATO has become the central issue? It is pleasant to think so. But in some respects, Mr. Gaitskell's position is less attractive emotionally than it used to be when he supported the independent deterrent. Then, he too could appeal to the chauvinism of the Left. The British H-bomb, he could say, made us independent of Washington. Since the word *"Washington"* is a boo-word only one degree less potent than the word *"Bomb,"* this appeal had an effect. But now Mr. Gaitskell has nothing but Reason on his side—and the history of the 20th century is a history of the impotence of unaided Reason. This is not to say that the C.N.D. is bound to triumph. Mr. Gaitskell can still win—but only if he can engender the same passionate exaltation among his supporters that the C.N.D. has engendered on its marches; only if he can trump the C.N.D.'s scapegoat with a scapegoat of his own. This can be done. Mr. Gaitskell's policy can be presented not as a defence of NATO, but as an attempt to reform it; not as a defence policy at all, but as "the best way to world disarmament." This, after all, happens to be true. It is not an accident that Philip Noel-Baker should have made the most effective multilateralist speech heard at Scarborough. If Britain left NATO, she would torpedo the chances of world disarmament for years to come, for she would convince the Russians that they could get what they want without negotiation. This is the truth: if Mr. Gaitskell repeats it often enough, he may yet save the Labour Party. But he has a hard battle ahead; and in this situation it is foolish to be optimistic. It is better to fear God, and keep your powder dry.

David Marquand

International Commentary

The Changed Antagonist

By Richard Lowenthal

BY A STRANGE quirk of history, the opening of the Eisenhower era which is now drawing to a close was followed almost at once by the death of Stalin. Just when the leading country of the West was settled back to a prolonged if unquiet digestive slumber, barely able to react to outside events but no longer willing to initiate new developments, its principal antagonist got the chance to shake itself free from the cramping stagnation which the old *Vohzd* had imposed on it. To-day, Eisenhower's successor confronts a Soviet State that is not only militarily stronger and industrially more mature than Stalin's Russia ever was, but that has strikingly enlarged the scale and transformed the style of its operations on the international scene: a self-conscious world power, at once bolder in ambition, more flexible in action, and more ideological in inspiration than would have been possible under the cautious, rigid, and cynical Georgian.

So vast is the change that, though everybody senses it and reacts to it in one way or another, few of us seem to be consciously aware of it. Indeed, the truly disturbing thing about most Western discussions of Soviet foreign policy remains their preoccupation with the "dramatic" short-term zigzags in Mr. Khrushchev's tactics and their comparative neglect of the historic changes in Soviet political strategy. It is perhaps inevitable that rivers of Western printers' ink should be made to flow in attempts to explain why Stalin's peripatetic successor puts out the hand of friendship on one day and his tongue on the next in dealing with Western statesmen. But the subject is not really of much consequence, seeing that his efforts at alternately relaxing and heightening international tension—at putting a little more emphasis now on "peaceful co-existence" and now on "cold war"—take place within the same fairly rigid bounds as did the equally "dramatic" tactical zigzags in Stalin's time. Like Stalin, Khrushchev will not admit real peace, *i.e.*, a permanent settlement

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blurring his irreconcilable conflict with the non-Communist world, nor risk real war, involving the Soviet Union, but remains determined to carry on the conflict by every means, both peaceful and violent, short of such direct war. Neither the advent of the H-bomb nor the famous declaration that war is no longer "fatally inevitable" have made any difference to this.

On this point, the time has perhaps come to say a good word for "Uncle Joe," and to rescue the reputation of that great falsifier of history from the new falsifications spread, whether naïvely or consciously, by the eulogists of his successor. True, Stalin did not revise the Leninist doctrine of the inevitability of imperialist war, but he never acted on the assumption that war was inevitable *for the Soviet Union*. He thought he could divert it by clever diplomacy so that the imperialists would rather fight each other—a belief which misled him into hoping that he could avoid war even with Hitler, and which he nevertheless repeated in his very last pamphlet late in 1952. As for his practice, he was as ruthless in establishing Communist rule throughout his Western-conceded military sphere in Eastern Europe as Khrushchev has been in preserving it. But wherever there was a risk of war with the West, Stalin drew back —in Manchuria and Iran, in Greece and Berlin. Even in the one case where he was clearly responsible for letting loose a war against the West owing to an (understandable) miscalculation—in Korea—he managed to avoid any direct military commitment. Though it is now largely forgotten, Stalin knew as well as his successor how to create periodic waves of hopeful excitement in the West by well-timed interviews about Russia's need for peaceful co-existence and his desire to concentrate on internal reconstruction and the welfare of the Soviet peoples. But equally, he never stopped educating his party in unceasing vigilance and distrust against the Western "imperialists," even during his wartime alliance with them.

No, the real difference in the nature of Soviet foreign policy then and now is not in its basic attitude to its main opponents—the advanced industrial nations of the West.

I SUBMIT that the real change, and it is a change of historic proportions, lies in Khrushchev's far bolder concept of the area within which the Soviet Union can take effective action, and the independent revolutionary forces which it may confidently support. For though it was Stalin who made his country into a potential world power, and though his long-term aims and his propaganda were world-wide in range, he never came to *act* like a world power: he never committed the power and prestige of the Soviet Union to any political action outside a geographically contiguous area in Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East. Within this area, he sought to expand his sphere of definite control as real or apparent opportunities occurred, testing the resistance of his opponents to the advance of his military frontiers and seeking to influence developments beyond them by a combination of diplomatic manœuvring with Communist pressure from within, as in China in the 20s and in Western Europe in the 30s and again in the first post-war years. But he never doubted that at any given moment, the "sphere of influence" in which he could act decisively was limited by the existence of one or more "enemy" spheres, the total area of which remained considerably larger than that of his own throughout his lifetime.

Khrushchev, on the other hand, has developed a truly world-wide policy. He feels strong enough to apply the full weight of Soviet diplomacy, with the ultimate backing of the Soviet military potential, at every crisis-point on the globe, without regard to geographical contiguity. He is not content to reach the minds of the people of all continents by his propaganda, in order to influence events in the future. He wants to make things move his way in the present by forcing every government to take Soviet reactions into account in deciding its actions. While firmly holding on to his own sphere of influence and striving to expand it with the same cautious but relentless pressure as his predecessor, he also seeks to intervene in every critical situation far beyond its limits —in Suez or in Cuba, in the Congo or Algeria—so as to deny to his Western opponents any secure sphere of their own.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to Soviet foreign policy may, in fact, be compared to the earlier awakening of the United States from "isolationism" (which never excluded *regional* power-politics) to a conscious acceptance of "world-wide responsibilities." In the Soviet case, the corresponding phrase would presumably refer to the acceptance of "the duties of world-wide solidarity in the anti-imperialist struggle." But the change introduced by Khrushchev reflects not merely his awareness of the increased Soviet power-potential and the world-wide nature of the conflict with the United States. It is based on a new concept of the political use of power in the age of the nuclear rocket, of the prospects of Communist revolution outside the geographical neighbourhood of the Soviet bloc, and of the character of the emerging "Third World" of ex-colonial, under-developed, and uncommitted countries.

To Stalin, the advance of Communist revolution had come to seem strictly dependent on the geographical extension of the territory controlled

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by the Soviet Union, usually in the form of military occupation.* Outside this area, "Popular Front" governments might prove useful for Soviet diplomacy, but could never hope to achieve "socialism." Whenever Communist parties tried to seize power independently by civil war (as they did successfully in Yugoslavia and China and unsuccessfully in Greece), he seems to have advised against the attempt and to have been embarrassed rather than pleased when it succeeded. His famous directive to the Soviet military advisers in the Spanish civil war —to "keep out of artillery range"—while difficult to obey literally, was characteristic of his thought: he did not wish to become directly involved outside the range of his *own* artillery, which to him symbolised the limits of effective Soviet power in a hostile world.

To Khrushchev, who in his programmatic public speech at the XX Congress of the CPSU accepted the existence of a "Socialist World System" and the legitimacy of "different roads" to Communist power, Communist revolutions outside the area accessible to Soviet troops are both possible and desirable in principle. Nor would he exclude the possibility that one of these roads might be the evolution of an originally non-Communist revolutionary régime under the double impact of Western hostility and Soviet support, as in Cuba. To survive, of course, these revolutions will need the *backing* of Soviet power, but that may be given by arms deliveries, economic credits, and rocket threats: dependence may thus be built up without occupation or even proximity. It does not follow that Khrushchev is actually ready, any more than Stalin would have been, to stake the survival of the Soviet Union in a nuclear rocket war for the sake of some distant revolution. So far he has been careful to confine his threats to situations where there was little risk of having to implement them (as in Suez and Cuba), and has behaved with commendable caution when American troops were actually in the area of conflict (as in the Lebanon crisis of 1958). Nevertheless, his threats have not been "mere propaganda." Like his aid-agreements with Nasser and Kassem, with Castro and Sekou Touré, they have been real policy moves, intended to stiffen the resistance of these governments to Western pressure or offers—and to establish the Soviet right to intervene in such traditionally Western-controlled regions as the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. Indeed, the long-distance rocket with its ability to cross land barriers and to emancipate military action from its former geographical limitations (just as the first arms-deal with Nasser jumped over the geographical barrier of the Baghdad pact) is as symbolic for Khrushchev's diplomatic style as the earth-bound artillery was for Stalin's.

To Stalin there could be no neutrals in the fundamental conflict of the "two camps." All non-Communist States (and even independent and unorthodox Communist States, like Tito's Yugoslavia) were basically his enemies, though it might be necessary to manœuvre so as to divide the enemies and even to conclude temporary alliances with one group against another. The first new ex-colonial nations that emerged after World War II, with India in the van, were thus regarded by Stalinist doctrine as continuing to form part of the imperialist system, and their neutrality as a sham—was not the fact that India had been granted independence without violent conflict, and had chosen to stay in the British Commonwealth, irrefutable proof of that? So long as these countries were not taken over by Communist parties under Soviet guidance (and that seemed impossible outside the immediate geographical periphery of Russia and China), their "bourgeois nationalist" governments were bound to the imperialist powers by a thousand ties of economic and class interest. The chance might arise to manœuvre some of them against some particular imperialist group on some specific issue, but that was not different in principle from the diplomatic opportunities offered from time to time by conflicts of interest among the old imperialist powers themselves.

Khrushchev, on the other hand, has not only recognised in principle (in the same programmatic speech at the XX Congress) that the new nations have become truly independent in their foreign policy; he has made the attempt to align these uncommitted, ex-colonial countries with the Soviet bloc in a "peace zone" and to win them for a common struggle against the Western "colonialists" one of the main axes of his diplomacy, in the United Nations and elsewhere. He has clearly far less confidence than Stalin had that the Western bloc might still be seriously split by its internal conflicts of interest, though he keeps trying to isolate, intimidate, and chip off individual exposed member-States—now Iran, now Norway, now Western Germany. It is indeed remarkable how little effort he made to exploit the very real temporary cleavage that opened between Anglo-French and American policy in the Suez crisis. But he believes profoundly in the possibility of gradually committing more and more of the uncommitted, ex-colonial States to support for the Soviet brand of anti-imperialism, even while they are ruled by non-Communist governments.

* It was this concern with the geographical bases of power that accounted for the much-remarked similarity of Tsarist and Stalinist foreign policy—a similarity which has become irrelevant under Khrushchev.

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Moreover, he seems to hope that external co-operation in such a world-wide "United Front" will also strengthen the forces *within* each of the ex-colonial countries which press for an imitation of the Soviet model of development; that this increase in Communist prestige will more than compensate for any initial neglect of the local Communists shown by Soviet diplomacy; and that it will ultimately permit the permanent consolidation of the alliance as Communists come to participate in the national government (and finally to control it).

EVEN BEFORE the assumptions underlying this new policy were proclaimed by Khrushchev *ex cathedra* in 1956, Soviet and Chinese policy had begun to develop in practice a whole arsenal of new methods for influencing the ex-colonial nations, ranging from "good-will journeys," "co-existence agreements," and support for the Bandung conference, to economic credits and arms deliveries. (It is an odd fact that in 1954, when Malenkov and Molotov were still heading the Soviet government, the Chinese were the pioneers of the new policy: Chou travelled to India and Burma before Khrushchev, and signed the "Five Principles of Co-existence" with Nehru. But China has since wearied of the tactical restraints required by this policy; Khrushchev's Russia has not.) Again, the point of the good-will visits and the aid agreements is not merely the propagandist one of winning crowd applause, or providing the local pro-Soviet elements with telling arguments. It is the political one of committing the uncommitted governments on specific issues likely to bring them in conflict with the West (*e.g.*, by offering support to Indonesia on its claim to Dutch New Guinea, or to Afghanistan on its territorial demands against Pakistan), and of drawing them into a course of economic development along the Soviet-Chinese road of priority for heavy industrial investment, hence of maximum sacrifice liable to require Soviet-Chinese methods in the political field as well.

The crowning "superstructure" to this new world-wide political strategy is the far more active use made by Khrushchev of the United Nations Assembly. Stalin's basic attitude to the United Nations was always a defensive one. He strove from the start to limit its powers (not only of action, but even of discussion) by the Veto wherever possible, and used it for attacks on Western policies at first only in "retaliation" for Western criticism of his own actions in Iran, Eastern Europe, and Manchuria. Again and again he was forced to take his stand on national sovereignty against U.N. "interference"—over the investigation of satellite support for the Greek Communists, over the Berlin blockade, over the Korean war and German unity. Khrushchev, of course, has found himself in a similar situation over Hungary. But as the number of new, ex-colonial member-States has increased in recent years, he has come to see the Assembly more and more as an opportunity for winning their support on specific issues, and has developed a more and more active United Nations policy, culminating in his two personal appearances, his pressure for drawing the "neutrals" into the disarmament negotiations, and his proposals for "reforming" U.N. executive machinery.

The change in the scale and style of Soviet foreign policy is, of course largely a reaction to changes in the world power situation. But the specific nature of that reaction cannot be understood without taking into account the difference in the personal history and ideological outlook of Stalin and Khrushchev.

IN THEIR direct relation to their Western antagonists, the Soviets are reacting to four closely interrelated changes. The first is the growth in the territory and power-potential of the Soviet bloc (which made Russia a serious potential challenger of the United States even in Stalin's lifetime). The second is the Western reaction to Soviet power expansion: the creation of a peacetime system of military alliances and the general growth of a new sense of Western unity (which made serious conflicts within the "imperialist camp" far less likely than before and tended to give the East-West contest a world-wide character). The third is the advent of the "balance of terror" with the acquisition of the H-bomb by both sides, and the fourth is the arrival of the long-distance rocket.

It is the third fact—the balance of terror—that forms the basis for the generally misunderstood Khrushchevian doctrine that "war is no longer fatally inevitable." The meaning of that doctrine is not that now at last the Soviet Union will seriously seek to avoid world war: it has always striven to avoid it. The meaning is that now at last it is no longer seriously afraid of being attacked, or of risking "massive retaliation" to its own local moves at points not immediately vital to the West, even though its opponents are actually more united against it than ever before. By the time of the Geneva "Summit meeting" of 1955, the Soviet and American leaders had mutually realised that each side understood the fact of the balance of terror, and that deliberate world war had therefore become fundamentally improbable. Khrushchev also realised that this gave him increased opportunities for local advances if only he could develop appropriate methods of indirect action with limited risk. The new doctrine, proclaimed in February, 1956, thus marked an increase not

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in pacific caution, but in confident militancy.* Later that year, Khrushchev could suppress the Hungarian revolution and send rocket threats to Britain at the same time *because* he was sure that "war is not fatally inevitable"—*i.e.*, because he relied on the balance of terror.

THE OTHER GROUP OF CHANGES to which the Soviets are reacting concerns the emergence of the "Third World" of ex-colonial nations. For the first time in many years, the Communist rulers find themselves actually face to face with a world in revolution—but it is not necessarily, and indeed not generally, their kind of revolution. As they had foreseen, it spells the end of colonial imperialism; but in many cases (though by no means always) it proceeds without violent clash with the colonial powers and even with their assistance. Most of the new States have problems of economic development of the same kind they had to overcome themselves, and of an even greater difficulty comparable with that confronting China. But many of their leaders would like to take a less steep and painful road to their solution than that shown by the Communist example. Few of the under-developed societies have either a capitalist class or a substantial proletariat. Few of their leaders from the nationalist intelligentsia are much attracted by either Western parliamentary democracy or Soviet Communism. A large and populous part of the world is thus changing with unprecedented rapidity, but most of the flux does not seem to tend of its own accord in the direction desired by the Soviet leaders—unless they can find ways to make it so. Hence world-wide intervention must appear to them not only easier, but also more urgent than ever before.

BOTH THE DANGERS and the opportunities confronting the Soviet leaders of to-day are thus utterly different from those that confronted Stalin during most of his reign.

Stalin's formative experience as a ruler was that of isolation in a hostile world, his nightmare that of encirclement. He genuinely believed that the capitalist powers were eager to pounce on the Soviet State at any moment, if only they could agree among each other. By a double irony of history, he found himself saved during World War II by the failure of his enemies to behave according to his expectation, only to bring about after the war, by his own action, the very all-embracing, anti-Communist coalition he feared most. To the end, he was desperately looking for ways to break up this self-created encirclement. Even the rise of new Communist States (both satellite and independent) around him filled him with dread of treasonable conspiracies rather than with satisfaction that the age of isolation was ended at last.

But Khrushchev only came to power in the new situation, and was thus able to take a fresh look at it. He started from the fact of a plurality of Communist States; and though he is far from having solved the problems of maintaining unity among them, he is firmly convinced that the existence of a "socialist world system" is a major source of strength in the contest with the non-Communist world. Confident in Russia's new strength, he has shaken off the psychosis of isolation and the fear of capitalist attack, and has grasped the new opportunities for world-wide initiative offered by the balance of terror and the emergence of the uncommitted "Third World." The new outlook was finally contrasted to the old when Khrushchev endorsed Mikoyan's remark that one could no longer talk about "capitalist encirclement"—because it was no longer clear who was encircling whom....

STALIN'S OUTLOOK was largely conditioned by the disappointment of the early hopes of

* Contrary to a widespread Western belief, it is not this doctrine to which the Chinese Communists object. They are concerned that Communist support for the "just wars" of colonial liberation should never be limited in the interests of a diplomacy of peaceful co-existence, while Khrushchev wishes to remain free to stress one or the other according to the situation.

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immediate "world revolution" after the Bolshevik seizure of power—the failure of the revolutionary wave to engulf the advanced industrial countries which had left backward Russia alone under the Soviet régime. This was the basis for his concentration on building Russia's industrial strength, and for his later belief that Communism could and should only spread with the expansion of her military frontiers. But his successor started from the historic victory of Chinese Communism (as well as the Communist victories in Yugoslavia and Vietnam). It was far easier for him to realise that the future of Communist revolution might lie in the under-developed countries and to take a hopeful view of Communist prospects in the "Third World."

This comparison should help to explain what is perhaps the greatest apparent paradox about Khrushchev's mind—that he is, at once, far less rigidly doctrinaire than Stalin and inspired by a far more confident belief in the force of the Communist idea. In his approach to the various national revolutions of the new countries, he refuses to be bound by doctrinaire rules about "the road to Communist power," and gets impatient if his Chinese allies remind him of these rules, for it is his experience that their main impact is to lay down in advance what cannot and must not be done. But he is far more convinced than Stalin (and fully as convinced as the Chinese) that in a world in revolution there must be *some* road to Communist power everywhere, and first of all in the ex-colonial countries. In promoting this development, he is willing to try unorthodox tactics, to subordinate the local Communists temporarily to the need to consolidate the "national" anti-imperialist revolution (and to extend it to neighbouring countries), and even to sacrifice them to the needs of Soviet diplomacy for a time as Stalin did in China in the 'twenties. (This is indeed one of the main targets for recent Chinese criticism of his policies.) But he does so in the belief that on this devious road they will all the more quickly arrive at their final goal. Where Stalin was a doctrinaire cynic, Khrushchev is a flexible believer.

To say that Khrushchev's policies are reactions to the changed realities of the contemporary world scene is not to imply that they are wholly realistic.

Stalin's greatest personal limitation was his pathological distrust of all forces outside his direct control; Khrushchev's chief weakness is clearly over-confidence. That over-confidence is partly a matter of personal temperament, partly a natural consequence of the release of the energies of a great power from the cramping rigidities of Stalin's last years. It is also due, partly, to the accident that all the new Soviet initiatives for a world-wide competition against the West (and against the U.S.A. in particular) were taken during a period when Western policy was unusually unimaginative and unsure, owing to the vacancy of American leadership in the now ending Eisenhower era. So far, Mr. Khrushchev has been vigorously "competing" against a drowsy opponent. He has yet to meet an awakened one.

Even up to now, there have been disappointments as well as successes. The rocket threats have failed to dislodge a single American base. Two years of the "Berlin crisis" have not so far gathered the fruit which Khrushchev thought was within reach after his visit to Camp David. Direct pressure on the West under the protection of the nuclear stalemate has thus hardly seemed to yield more than previously: so long as it is carried on with deliberately limited risk, its effect may be equally limited.

Far greater has been the success of the new approach to the uncommitted, ex-colonial nations. It has been decisive in reducing Western diplomatic and military control of important regions of the world, and has gained definite support for *some* Soviet policies from *some* of the new nations—notably in Indonesia, parts of the Arab world, and Ghana—and broad overall support from a few, like Cuba and Guinea. But it is still far from forging the general "anti-imperialist bloc" of Communist and ex-colonial States which is Khrushchev's strategic aim, and there is no good reason why it should achieve this while the West is willing to continue to aid uncommitted countries and support some of their demands so long as they remain truly uncommitted and quite free to follow their own interests. Nor is there any evidence of a general tendency for "national revolutions" to grow "naturally" into Communist ones. If the case of Cuba shows such a tendency, the contrary developments in Egypt and Iraq suggest that the outcome depends as much on the reaction of the West to the national revolution (and on the peculiar conditions of each case) as on the Soviet efforts to utilise the potential of anti-colonial *ressentiment*.

The new world-policy of the Soviet State makes it a more formidable antagonist of the West than in Stalin's time, both because it is based on far greater power combined with a revival of militant faith at the top, and because it is carried out with greater flexibility and realism. But it is still in part vitiated by ideological blinkers; and it has no secret weapon that cannot be met by a similar combination of power, faith, and flexible realism on the Western side.

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THEATRE

What the Author Meant

By Nigel Dennis

A PRODUCTION of *Coriolanus* some years ago ended with the abased hero strung upside down in the nude, to simulate the dead Mussolini—causing a strong woman in the audience, some unknown, unsung Volumnia, to rise from her seat and shout indignantly: "But that's *not* what he meant!" Presumably, it made her blood boil to see such an enterprise of great pith and moment up-ended simply because conscience had made cowards of those in charge of the production; but one must insist that though the act was undoubtedly treacherous and abominable, it did return on its perpetrators like a boomerang. For *Coriolanus* is the tragedy of a man who refuses to fawn upon the multitude; and the producer who fawns upon the multitude in his presentation of *Coriolanus* cannot fail to make the author's point even more malignant than it was before. This simple, even touching, little example of how good may come out of evil should not, however, serve as a model for other producers, because, in its neatness and dexterity, it is much too difficult a thing to repeat successfully. What is required from producers is a much more direct and unsubtle attitude to good plays; and when they have slaughtered a text, or pointed a moral that is not there, or introduced a corpse over an author's dead body, they must be able to declare with clean hearts:

> *. . . what we changed was innocence for*
> *innocence: we knew not*
> *The doctrine of ill-doing, no. . . .*

In discussing the problems that get in the way of a producer's probity we may dispose quickly of what might be called the everyday situation. This occurs when a producer spreads out on his desk the text of some venerable, aged play and, while humming, whistling, and answering the telephone, reduces all one-page monologues to single ejaculations and all three or four sub-plots to nothing at all. It is impossible to exaggerate the enlivening effect this has on hundreds of plays, confirming marvellously the tested garden maxim: "Prune old trees hard, to encourage growth." Indeed, the only problem, as with all censorship, is to know when to stop. In the case of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for example, one would not want to stop at all: cut to nothing but the title and declared "lost," we should really begin to want to see it. There are lines in plays, ancient and modern, that no actor should be asked to speak, and wince as we may when some favourite section of a play fails to appear in production, this is nothing compared to the agony and disgrace we feel when we watch a talented player voicing some miserable joke amid the hearty, feigned laughter of his fellow actors, all dressed up in hose and jerkins. It is useless for authors to protest against the excision of such monstrosities; it is wrong of them to argue that producers already have power enough and that the door should not be flung open to let them pour through with their cutlasses and hatchets. Some doors must not only be left open, but must admit a constant flow of pirates.

THE PITFALLS THAT AWAIT the honourable, intelligent producer are of a much more delicate sort. We list them as follows:

Objectionable Plays. These are mostly old plays that have failed to keep up with the general advance of civilisation. Their messages are irresponsible and unjust, their jokes dishonourable and unkind, their whole approach to life out of keeping with modernity. Shakespeare, Mr. Vladimir Nabokov tells us, caused enormous distress to Czarist producers by allowing Ophelia, a court-lady, to walk about the stage with a bunch of rosemary, rue, and other

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weeds: these were always changed (and the lines of the text along with them) to roses, orchids, and carnations—another admirable example of boomerang censorship, since the change only indicated sharply the dependence of insanity upon good breeding. To-day, of course, the *ton* must be all the other way in Russia, and the Soviet producer must spend many years training and polishing his players to the point where they can stage Chekhov without damage to the Revolution. We may find such behaviour absurd, but as we, too, want to be loved, and "slant" our plays in our own approved directions, there is no reason for us to be proud. The honourable producer must ask God every night to keep his desire for social betterment under control. The forgiving of the author can be left to the same source.

Translated Plays. These are filled with danger from start to finish, and the producer cannot study them carefully enough. He is usually a nervous, sensitive man whose eye roves over the text in search of clues: these, when found, he is more eager to emphasise than examine. What may follow this eagerness is shown in the case of a German production of M. Ionesco's *The Chairs*. On arriving in Germany, the author was asked by a journalist why he was so strongly in favour of war. Worried, he hurried to the theatre, where he found what had provoked the question. One of his characters had made throaty noises in the French original which M. Ionesco had written down as *"Gurr-gurr-gurr."* The French typist had tidied this into *"Guerre! Guerre! Guerre!"* which the German translator had turned faithfully into *"Krieg! Krieg! Krieg!"* The producer, over-eager to be faithful to the text, had supported it with bursts of machine-gun fire and grenades, giving quite another dimension to M. Ionesco's view of human frustration.

A similar case was that of the author who included a stool-pigeon among his principal characters. Working his way through a foreign review of his play one day, he was surprised to find the part being played as that of a stuffy, old-fashioned professor. Here, again, the solution was straightforward. Foxed by "stool-pigeon" the translator had turned to his dictionary and, coming up with the wrong stool, had turned the character into a "constipated owl." Here, again, the play was given a new dimension, with the producer doing everything in his power to stress the malice of an academic point of view.

The moral of these two examples is that a producer must be more judicious than faithful. Whenever a text shows a tendency to crack, as if under an intolerable slant, it should be re-examined and checked against the original. The producer should know something about the author's life and opinions, so that if hilarity appears suddenly in a work by Strindberg, or heroism in something by O'Neill, he will immediately smell a rat and rout it out. Above all, he must realise that the finding of clues in plays is a matter of extreme danger, for there is no clue which, once found, will not prove to be justified by evidence in other parts of the text. The whole art of the detective story, to say nothing of systems of philosophy, history, and psychoanalysis, is built upon this distressing addiction to evidence.

Incomprehensible Plays. There are scores of these. Some are simply the outcome of translation, but the majority were already incomprehensible in their native language—indeed, there are many cases, particularly in German plays, in which any clarity that exists was put there entirely by the translator. Incomprehensibility is one of a producer's worst nightmares and there is no one to whom he can turn for real help. The author is either dead or would rather not discuss the matter. The intellectual critic is only too happy to discuss it—and convince the producer that the incomprehensibility is even profounder than it had seemed before. To keep calm under such conditions is almost impossible and producers tend to lunge and strike out in the wildest manner, praying that their own decisiveness and vehemence will overwhelm the inscrutable content. In this they are usually supported by the actors, whose determination to appear on the stage is marvellously productive of imaginary reasons for doing so. Much has been said about the vanity of actors, so it is time to say that few of them are vain enough. Again and again one hears them deplore their performances in parts which (they say) they were not clever enough to understand: this absurd faith in the probity of authors is unhealthy and even decadent.

All these hazards—of objectionableness, translation, and incomprehensibility—will strike the person who reads Chekhov's *Platonov* in the complete form. To begin with, it *has* no complete form. When it was rejected, Chekhov tore it up—and one likes to imagine him doing so (it makes better theatre) knowing that the rough MS. from which the fair copy had been made was safely in the drawer of his desk. It is this monster, this scrawled, chopped and interlined conundrum, that has been going the rounds since his death, more a morass than a temptation to the producers of the world. A glance, of five hours or so, at the script shows that it is a harbinger of *The Cherry Orchard*; but it must also be seen as an important *conclusion*—the first mature consequence of the many years which

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Chekhov spent, at school and at home, writing, staging, and acting in plays. Moreover, *Platonov* is also mature in containing all the unanswerable questions and perplexities that afflicted Chekhov until the day he died: its very opening lines—"What is it?"—"Oh, I am bored..." establish the characteristic Chekhov tone; while its alternative title, *Sons Without Fathers*, expresses precisely both the filial problems of Chekhov himself and the lack of stamina and discipline which he believed was corrupting his country. Such things are evident enough to anyone that reads the play; but what is not evident at all is what should be the correct approach to it. *Platonov* is not merely a play that can and must be tinkered with, cut, and wrenched about if it is to be produced at all; it is also one that throws a different reflection on each mind that studies it. The tragedian can dispose it so unsmilingly that it will take the shape of unrelieved misery. The satirist will see the satire entirely over-riding the solemnity and will argue (he will be quite wrong) that any playwright that brings a locomotive on to the stage and throws a betrayed wife under its bogies, is doing it for laughs. The satirist will also see at once that the end of the play has been stuck on by a strange hand—and he will be wrong again. But who will *not* be wrong? Chekhov's own reactions to the first productions of his plays suggest that nobody is ever right:

> *Ivanov:* "Cut [me] like a knife.... Drawn out and abominable...."
>
> *The Seagull:* "A terrible flop.... The actors played disgracefully.... Never will I write or produce any more plays!"
>
> *The Three Sisters:* "At the first reading of the play he realised how completely it was misunderstood... furious scenes with Stanislavsky" (D. Magarshak's *Chekhov*).
>
> *The Cherry Orchard:* "One thing I can say: Stanislavsky has ruined my play."

To George Devine and John Blatchley must go unlimited credit not only for having kept a cool head in the first English production of *Platonov*, but for having managed to keep Chekhov's. On first reading the play, they were struck by its inscrutability: characters appeared from nowhere, yet with an appointed air; situations which had no reason to exist exploded peremptorily. This was the first test of Mr. Devine's sobriety. How tempting to attribute so much inconsequency to "art," or "poetry," to find the influence of Nihilism or Dostoevsky in such errant senselessness! But instead of taking this profound and easy course, Mr. Devine simply took up the telephone. He found that he had not been sent Act I—apparently because the play was thought to be better without it. Once this was restored the "experimental" nature of the work disappeared completely, adding greatly to its length at the same time. But Mr. Devine went steadily on, always doing the sensible thing. He decided, for instance, not to follow the Russian habit of addressing each character by at least two different names, and so reduced the size of the cast from an apparent 42 to a real 21. He reduced all numberless repetitions to a mere one or two, excised jesting remarks of a clumsy sort (*e.g.*, "Why tell fibs, Beelzebub Buciphalovich?"), struck out all platitudes that were over 2,000 years old ("How strange you women are!") and ignored the author's instructions respecting stage furniture ("...On the bookcase—cigarette-holders, boxes, sticks, rifle barrels..."). He then showed even greater courage by leaving in many things that others might have taken out. The Shylock of the piece was allowed to take his place among the effete Christians with all the grimness of a cat among the pigeons: no pathos sullied his determination. The ridiculous express train under which Mrs. Platonov must try to fall was steamed boldly up to the footlights on the most correct Pearl White lines. Suicidal shrieks such as: "She's poisoned herself with matches!" and deathbed notes like "Forgive a sinful woman! The key to the chest of drawers is in my woollen dress," were delivered with the matchless gravity intended by the author. Mr. Rex Harrison, heading a cast that had to represent all that is most awful in fecklessness and bootlessness, walked the tight-rope between farce and tragedy so cleverly and thoughtfully that his triumph was hailed by all as a masterpiece of "intuition."

Platonov must now take its place as a full-bodied, glorious comedy—and the more one examines the script, the less this seems to have been the author's intention. But could things be otherwise? The play was written before Chekhov had mastered the tragi-comic precision of his later plays, though it was with one eye on these that Mr. Devine did his work on their predecessor, slanting it in their well-known direction. It is time's fault, not Mr. Devine's, if Chekhov's saddest meanings have worn away at the elbows and let the funny-bones stick out. And behind him is Chekhov's authority on the right way to play Chekhov: "Don't make a mournful face in a single act. People who have borne a grief in their hearts for a long time, and are used to it, only whistle and often sink into thought...."

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ART

Mr. Berenson's Values

By Meyer Schapiro

THE LATE Bernard Berenson, inspired by Walter Pater's books, wished to make of his life a work of art. He had two ideals: to live æsthetically, at the height of sensibility to art and nature; and to lead an aristocratic existence as the master of a big house, holding court for the elegant, the worldly, the famous, and the gifted. For the first he possessed an innate ability through his intense feeling for the visual —his wonderful eye; to achieve the second, lacking inherited wealth, he applied that talent in the expertise and sale of works of art. Very early in his career he foresaw that his exceptional knowledge of Italian painting, which had already brought him into the sphere of the socially great, would make him rich. "Advising about pictures," he wrote to his patroness, Mrs. Gardner, "is the path marked out for me.... I feel I could sell ten times as much as I do, if only I had a larger circle." What was most spiritual in his nature was exploited then for the sake of his admittedly weaker self; but by commercialising his gifts he also found the means for a refined existence and the efficiently organised pursuit of scholarship in the arts. Through the combination of scholarship and trade, Berenson was able to achieve the wealth, knowledge, and respect of which Lichtenberg wrote that no more than two were attainable together in the learned professions. For the picture-dealers and their millionaire clients, drawn to the masterly and rare in painting as true prizes of this world but lacking the skill to discern them, Berenson was a providential man.

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We learn from his biographer[1] that in 1894 Berenson entered the picture market as an agent for Mrs. Gardner and soon after for others; that he was associated with dealers in what Mrs. Sprigge calls the Colnaghi-Berenson syndicate; and that from 1907 to 1936 he received from the firm of Duveen £20,000 a year and a cut of ten per cent on the price of all pictures sold with his authentication. One of his certifying letters, printed by Mrs. Sprigge, gives the lay reader an idea of this type of art literature. It informs Messrs. Duveen that their panel of the Crucifixion by Piero della Francesca surpasses the frescoes at Arezzo in quality and condition and possesses the colour of Giorgione and a handling like Cézanne's. This is a picture which later critics (Longhi and Clark) have judged to be by an assistant of Piero.

The relations with Duveen, whom Berenson called "the king of the jungle," were more complex than appears from Mrs. Sprigge's account. She follows Berenson himself in drawing a sharp line between his intellectual life and his business career; but his published writings contain more than one sign of his dependence on Duveen.[2] Mrs. Sprigge's biography is not the work of a writer who shared her subject's intellectual interests and can deal critically with his aims and accomplishments. What she says about his work and ideas is largely reporting, and what she says about his personality and life story lacks penetration. Yet the book is valuable in presenting little known and sometimes surprising facts about this extraordinary man, in unearthing his early writings, and in providing a continuous story to supplement the freely-ranging account in his own *Sketch for a Self-*

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Portrait. In this picture of himself he said nothing precise about that side of his life which Mrs. Sprigge calls "The Reverse of the Medal." It helps to explain much in the obverse as well.

Mrs. Sprigge is overly concerned to excuse Berenson's role as a dealer and to defend his name against those who have doubted his integrity. She has, obviously, some doubts herself, but she resorts to the poor strategy of blackening other experts and indeed the profession as a whole; the art experts are, in her opinion, a class even more dishonest than lawyers. She misses no chance to downgrade or to speak ill of his peers in scholarship and criticism, including Roger Fry. Yet her own scruples impel her to raise a question about Berenson's rectitude as Mrs. Gardner's agent—a question that she leaves unanswered (p. 120), but later revives when she remarks in passing that he profited by both the price and the commission (p. 191). She is distressed, too, by Berenson's silence in print concerning Mrs. Gardner, the woman who made possible his education in art and subsequent fortune, and to whom he often expressed in letters his unforgettable gratitude. His biographer can account for this lapse only by supposing "some kind of inner qualm lest his name and hers be linked and all the rest of his New England association be forgotten." But is it not more likely that the qualm had to do with this whole side of his career?

IN HIS *Sketch for a Self-Portrait* he likened (with a *si licet*) his practical labours to Spinoza's lens-grinding and Saint Paul's tent-making, as merely a means of livelihood. It is clear enough that the significant difference does not lie, as Mrs. Sprigge assumes in quoting this grotesque comparison, in the fact that Berenson's engagement in the market took so much time that he might have given to criticism and theory of art; what is important is that the worldly aims soon contaminated his intellectual goals. It was as if Spinoza and Saint Paul had tried to make a business and a way to social success out of philosophy and religion. Their humble occupations were characteristic of the Jewish rabbis and scholars who earned a living as manual workers. I cannot help feeling it significant that Berenson named as parallels to himself two deeply dedicated and uncompromising Jews who, like himself, broke with the religion of their ancestors. But theirs was an act of courageous conviction, while for him the change of religion was a short-lived conversion that helped to accommodate him to a higher social milieu.

Berenson came to regret what he considered to be a misuse of his powers. He has written about it with much pathos and self-pity. He who had insisted so often on the inevitable decline of artists who deviated from the essentials of their art in order to please a less austere taste, was caught in a similar trap. What he lamented most was that his turn to connoisseurship kept him from becoming the universal critic and philosopher of the arts he had once dreamed of being. It is not certain what Berenson had in mind as the cause of his fall; he speaks in one place of pursuing connoisseurship in order to prove to the world his worth as a scholar—there had been some doubts about this at Harvard—and elsewhere as a yielding to a desire for comfort and social position. But his writings make it evident that he had chosen the path of connoisseurship long before the time of the supposed fall. Almost from the beginning his interest in Italian painting had included a zeal for the problems of authorship. Without his special aptitude for their solution, which he rightly recognised was necessary for a correct view of this art, he could never have made for himself the place that he did.

I BELIEVE HE MISJUDGED HIMSELF in his regret. Although his early writings stand out among those of students of Italian painting through their statement of guiding principles, his gifts were less philosophical than æsthetic, and it is his work as a connoisseur-critic, founded on disciplined observation, that has lasting value. He came to speak of connoisseurship as a game pursued for its own sake, but the importance of his work lies also in its place in a larger, continu-

[1] Sylvia Sprigge, *Berenson: A Biography* (Allen & Unwin, 1960). See also her memoir in ENCOUNTER, January, 1960.

[2] The interested reader will find an example in the article, "A New Masaccio," published in English and Italian (*Dedalo*, X, 1929, 331–336; *Art in America*, XVIII, 1930, 45–53). Berenson tells us here that in breaking his rule never to publish on a work offered for sale in the market, even works by important Italian masters in "the hands of the great merchants of Paris, London, and New York," he is impelled by the extreme rarity of paintings by Masaccio; he would break his rule also for newly-found works by Giorgione, Leonardo, and Michelangelo. "I should not hesitate to publish them even if they were in less magnificent keeping than the hands of Messrs. Duveen Brothers." Nothing is said in this article about the condition of the picture, its extensive re-painting.

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ing, co-operative activity of study in which new attributions advance a common goal, enabling us to see this art more objectively, more sensitively. It is impossible to study Italian painting of the period to which Berenson devoted himself without profiting by his work, whether it deals with matters of attribution or with judgments of quality. But the general ideas—which he treats as his personal property, as an intellectual capital—were less original and important than he thought. They were held dogmatically, with little reflection and concern for consistency. For fifty years they remain the same and often strike us as undeveloped *aperçus* and even as crude mis-formulations of a standpoint current in the period of his youth.

Consider, for example, the strange appeal to physiology in his account of "tactile values" in painting:

> I must have the illusion of varying muscular sensations inside my palms and fingers corresponding to the various projections of this figure, before I shall take it for granted as real, and let it affect me lastingly (*Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*, 1896).

What is disappointing in Berenson as a theorist and critic is that while he became sharper in some matters, he failed to grow. Certain phrases, like "ideated sensations," "life-enhancement," and "tactile values" recur, with no deepening of sense, as personal clichés imposed on any sort of problem. After their first use in explaining the best in Italian art, these concepts serve him with blind irrelevance as the ground for condemning what is best in contemporary art. His thinking on art shows little advance after the brilliant essays and books written in the 1890s. On theoretical matters, he was already behind others before 1900. He was unaffected by the absorbing views of the history and interpretation of art introduced by Alois Riegl, Heinrich Wölfflin, and Max Dvořák, and by the work of the advanced modern painters. Yet he knew these men and sometimes spoke of them, without, however, applying to the further development of their ideas the scruple and patient study that he gave to questions of authorship. He kept Riegl's *Spätrömische Kunstindustrie* on a lectern like a sacred book with which he challenged the ignorance of student-visitors; but I have found no important trace of Riegl's ideas in his own writings, only some flat reiterations of the older mechanical views about the decadence of Roman art, that Riegl had overcome.

In his four essays on the Venetian, Florentine, Central and North Italian Painters (1894, 1896, 1897, 1907) we see a striking growth between the first volume and the second in which he transformed his way of thinking about art. The Venetian painters are important to him as the highest representatives of the Renaissance, a movement of secular emancipation on which the modern conception of the welfare of the individual is founded; the significance of the art is largely social, historical, and ideological. By 1896 he had learned from recent German literature and from contemporary art the place of form and movement in the psychology of æsthetic experience. Florentine painting is presented then as an art that is great through mastery of form alone, and associated qualities are judged as insignificant beside the intrinsic ones. His eloquence on these points, sometimes forced and conventional in its fulsomeness, is that of a sage and teacher who has a supreme message for the reader. When we re-read the four little volumes to-day as a single work,[3] we feel a lack of unity in the various conceptions which have been adapted from different sources and elaborated in an unmistakably personal way with strong conviction. By the time he came to write on the North Italian Painters (1907) he was far from his early views on the Venetians. The task of synthesis and revision of his text Berenson never undertook, although in later editions he changed the list of accepted works and also certain minor passages in the text to accord with new attributions. When as a young student I asked him why he continued to reprint uncorrected the judgment in his *Florentine Painters* that Uccello was merely a scientist without artistic aims[4]—a view he no longer held—he replied: "My boy, that book is a literary classic; I have no right to tamper with it."

BERENSON'S FAILURE TO GROW may be due, as he himself believed, to the tasks he set himself—the narrower tasks of the expert in attribution. Also, as a critic who made so much of the spectator and the moment of ecstatic perception, he was less likely to think deeply about the artist and the connections between art and history, or to strive for a consistent theory of art. In read-

[3] They have been recently reprinted in a paperback: *The Italian Painters of the Renaissance* (Fontana, Collins, London, 1960). All references in this article are to that edition.

[4] "His real passion was perspective.... Artistically.... Uccello accomplished nothing" (pp. 67 ff.).

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ing Pater's *Renaissance*—for him a decisive encounter—he was attracted more by the hedonistic Conclusion than by the early essay on Winckelmann, with its greater philosophical breadth and its sense of the adventurous and heroic in intellectual life.

But I suspect that the role of expert, which he certainly enjoyed and to which he brought a keen and well-stocked mind, fulfilled other demands of his personality, giving him, among various satisfactions, an aristocratic pre-eminence as an arbiter of taste. The job of attribution, while it arises as a necessary part of the historian's and critic's discipline in studying works of art, is an individual choice in the wide field of possible problems. The life-long concern with the authorship of pictures, the preparation of catalogues, the continued collecting and recording, with its excitement of discovery of the singular and precious—all this suggests a style of personal activity, which in itself may have little to do with art or the market, although it serves both; it can be found in other fields of research and requires no commitment like Berenson's to an æsthetic ideal. Within his own childhood Berenson knew something like it in the tradition of the rabbis who compiled and systematised the Talmudic writings and at the same time exercised a spiritual authority. One might say of him, from a Jewish point of view, that in establishing the canon of authentic works of the Renaissance masters he made himself the great Gaon of the heritage of Italian art, deciding with his unique visual acribie fine points of authorship, and also presiding as the judge in matters of artistic principle and as the grand exemplar of an æsthetic way of life.

I DO NOT know what Berenson would have thought of this analogy to his own effort. Mrs. Sprigge reveals through quotations and the account of his life his uneasiness with his Jewish origin and his repeated flight from it.

Already before entering college, he had become by his own choice an Episcopalian; at twenty-five, he joined the Roman Catholic Church. The story of these conversions is ignored in his *Sketch for a Self-Portrait* where he asserted that the Church is "humanity's grandest, completest, and most beautiful achievement." From his silence about these episodes, one may assume that they were a distasteful memory like his connection with the market. His extensive writing on church art gives little sign of religious conviction. Although he could "appreciate" religion, he appears an essentially sceptical mind, worldly and hard-headed, who was not likely to hold for long to a theological faith. Within a few years of his second conversion he could write in his *Venetian Painters* (1894) of the "hypocrisy of a Church whose chief reason for surviving as an institution was that it helped Spain to subject the world to tyranny." And in contrasting then the official religion with personal piety, he found the value of the latter in its power of consoling, of helping one to forget the "mean and sordid in life." Berenson was up on religion as on politics without being seriously concerned with either. He was aware, too, of that trend in modern thinking which abstracts religion from dogma and cult and sees it as something like æsthetic experience, the "cosmic emotion" to which an agnostic scientist could subscribe. In 1897, writing on Perugino's space-composition and admitting the painter's "atheism and villainy," he defines religious emotion as cosmic feeling. Space-composition

> can take us away from ourselves and give us . . . the feeling of being identified with the universe, perhaps even of being the soul of the universe. . . . For those of us who are neither idolaters nor suppliants, this sense of identification with the universe is of the very essence of the religious emotion—an emotion, by the way, as independent of belief and conduct as love itself. The religious emotion—for some of us entirely, for others at least in part—is produced by a feeling of identification with the universe; this feeling, in its turn, can be created by space-composition; it follows then that this art can directly communicate religious emotion—or at least the religious emotion that many of us really have, good church members though we may be.

The ethical and communal side of religion seems to have interested him little or not at all, and he could flippantly use religious texts for business. Urging Mrs. Gardner in 1916 to buy from Duveen Bellini's "Feast of the Gods" for half a million dollars, he wrote her: "Such a picture seems to say: sell all thou hast and follow me."

THE STORY of his second conversion is told in some detail by Mrs. Sprigge. Living in England, he had fallen in love with the woman who was to be his wife, at that time a married Catholic, sympathetic to the Fabians. Her interest in social reform was an embarrassing challenge which must have re-awakened painful memories of his own origins. Poverty was not something he wished ardently to eradicate; he had known

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it at first-hand and he had decided early that his problem was how to escape from it, how to enter the privileged world of social ease and high culture. To his beloved's social conscience he replied that he could not endure the bad prose style of the Fabians[5]; culture was his religion and was incompatible with socialism. He knew where his strength lay and was not going to lose himself in this by-path of humanitarian goals. He wrote her from Italy how much needed to be done on Italian Renaissance painting and how chaotic existing attributions were. Becoming a Catholic soon after in the old monastery of Monte Oliveto in the winter of 1890–91, he felt "suddenly at home with the poor worshipping in every church" he entered. Mary Berenson has explained his conversion as due to "his longing to escape from the sordidness of ordinary existence" and finally "his feeling that, in being members of the same Church, he and I were drawn together." Her husband had already taught the young American to appreciate the meaning of the Roman Mass.

Before coming to Boston at ten, Berenson had received the usual education, which was mainly religious, of Jewish children in Russia. The language of the family was Yiddish. The mother seems to have been devout, but the father was a free-thinking Jew, perhaps influenced by the Haskalah movement which aimed to bring Russian Jews into the world of Western European ideas. (Mrs. Sprigge is mistaken, I believe, in saying that the longish hair of the youthful Berenson at college was the traditional earlocks of the orthodox Russian Jew; it was a Western style of the time and besides it is extremely unlikely that Berenson, already an Episcopalian convert, would have kept the outlandish practice.) Like most young intellectual Jews in immigrant families in America, he lost his religion; but he was exceptional among them in his readiness to adopt another faith which neither his intelligence nor his heart could sustain. There are signs during his schooldays that he wished his Jewish ties to be forgotten. In a Harvard document, applying for a fellowship, he wrote that his native tongue was German. To the hero of a story he composed at college, undoubtedly a self-portrait, he gave the name "Christie." But the claims of his Jewish self were not easily shaken off. On his first trip to Europe, enjoying the wonders of Paris, he read recent Yiddish novels from Russia and wrote for an American theological review an article about this emerging literature. Mrs. Sprigge quotes from it an astonishing passage: he calls for more study of Jewish institutions and literature so that

> we shall begin to understand the puzzling character of the Jews; begin to understand, I say, for comprehend them we never shall. Their character and their interests are too vitally opposed to ours to permit the existence of that intelligent sympathy between us and them which is necessary for comprehension.

We sense in this article that Berenson has to assure himself and others that he does not belong to this uncouth ghetto world—of which the emigrants in America retain obvious traces while dedicating themselves tirelessly to winning a livelihood or fortune. Like them he must set himself up on his own and overcome his past, though not by petty trade, like his father. In the end his talents become his capital; his knowledge and sensibility are at the service of the market. Living in Settignano, he rises above both his uprooted Yiddish-speaking family world and the New England patricians who must meet him there on the higher ground of culture, in his personally created establishment in the land of the great Renaissance painters. In all this he deviated from his innocent boyhood aspiration towards a pure life of the mind which was the aim of many an immigrant Russian Jew. At college he chose to study Arabic, Assyrian, Hebrew, and Sanskrit as well as Greek and Latin; his impulse at one point was to be a man of the book, the exotic and difficult word, in some Oriental frame. I have seen on the flyleaf of a Latin school-text his youthful signature in large stiff letters, and beneath it the date according to the Jewish calendar in a most delicate minute Hebrew. He seems never to have lost his interest in Jewish things. He could speak of them with tenderness and excitement if the hearer were of a suitable Jewish temperament.

And he remembered to the end that he came from the same people as Paul and Spinoza.

In his later years much of Berenson's writing was directed against contemporary taste in art. While this pleased the philistines, official and unofficial, who could call upon his great authority, it was disappointing to his disciples

[5] Fifty years later he was to write of the "*nouveau riche* impudence" of Shaw—*One Year's* [1942] *Reading for Fun* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1960), p. 52.

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who had learned from him to recognise quality in works of many different styles.

I believe that the inner conflict I have described counts for something in his attitude to contemporary art. He was, it seems, anxious about others' opinion of himself and felt friendless in spite of the stream of visitors who came to admire him. He was happy, we learn from Mrs. Sprigge, to count as friends members of the royal houses of Sweden, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, as well as Mr. J. Paul Getty. His compromises, his business career, his regrets, made him increasingly defensive and cut him off from much that was vital in the art and ideas of the time. His opinions on new art are often petulant and capricious; they are much below the level of his judgment of Renaissance painting. One might explain this by old age and by the normal difficulty in assimilating the outlook of a younger generation. But Berenson betrays before 1900 already an intellectual and æsthetic narrowness which recalls the formulas of tradition favoured in the worldly circles he was eager to please.

Yet Berenson's æsthetic, with its categories of "Form, Movement, and Space," and his stern insistence on the highest values of art, seems in the line of thought which produced modern painting. His concept of significance in form prepared the way for Clive Bell and Roger Fry. Indeed he and his admirers have ascribed to him the discovery of Cézanne and Matisse long before they were recognised by others. And this early insight lends a semblance of authority to Berenson's later denunciations of the whole of contemporary art as degenerate.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that a great critic should reject the art of those younger than himself, particularly if that critic owes his fame to his writing on an old, well-established school. It would be more remarkable if such a man followed with sympathy a new art that broke in so many ways with his own tradition. One could scarcely expect Berenson, living in Settignano and occupied with Renaissance painting both as scholar and expert for the trade, to enjoy the audacities and exuberance of the School of Paris. Its great liberty of spirit probably disturbed him, as well as its indifference to so much that he valued in both art and social life. He failed to see the seriousness of its leading masters and their finesse. Berenson nevertheless claimed some credit for the existence and success of this uncongenial art. He has said that Cubism was only a misunderstanding of his notion of "tactile values;" and he really believed that a letter he wrote to the New York *Nation* in 1908, defending Matisse against an unfriendly review of his work at the Autumn Salon, made Matisse's reputation. In this letter, however, Berenson praised Matisse as a draftsman and hesitated to speak of his colour; "for colour," wrote the author of *The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, "is something we Europeans are still singularly uncertain of." The year before, recapitulating his theory of art in the conclusion of his four essays on the Italian painters, he had placed colour among the "less essential" parts of painting, as "not vital to the figure arts."

It is time to set straight the facts about his "discovery" of Cézanne to whom he had given a place in 1897 in his *Central Italian Painters*. By then Cézanne was in the Luxembourg Museum through the Caillebotte bequest and had become widely known through the big exhibition at Vollard's in 1895; a generation of younger artists looked to him as the great modern master. Nothing that Berenson published then shows awareness of Cézanne's originality and one is puzzled by the critic's need to refer to him in writing on the Central Italian painters.

> In spite of the exquisite modelling of Cézanne who gives to the sky its tactile values as perfectly as Michelangelo has given them to the human figure, in spite of all Monet's communication of the very pulse-beat of the sun's warmth over fields and trees, we are still waiting for a real art of landscape. And this will come when some artist, modelling skies like Cézanne's, able to communicate light and heat as Monet does, will have a feeling for space rivalling Perugino's or even Raphael's.

What is this feeling for space that Cézanne lacks and that the critic awaits from a future artist? It is Berenson's norm of "space-composition," a particular quality of exalting vastness as in the paintings of Perugino and Raphael. In their pictures

> how freely one breathes—as if a load had just been lifted from one's breast; how refreshed, how noble, how potent one feels; again, how soothed; and still again, how wafted forth to abodes of far-away bliss. . . .

What could a critic with this ideal of space-composition do with primitive painting or with Cubist works? It seems to me clear from his writings that at no time was Berenson seriously

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interested in contemporary art; but he eyed it most often with hostility for contradicting much in his own thinking and being. Already in 1897 in the same context he wrote that Raphael "set himself the task of dowering the modern world with the images that to this day, despite the turbulent rebellion and morose secession of recent years, embody for the great number of cultivated men their spiritual ideals and their spiritual aspirations."

The name of Cézanne served him, I suppose, as a bit of up-to-date dressing like the name of the fashionable Tissot, whose much criticised exhibition in London in 1896 accounts for mention of him a few pages later (p. 160). It is the same impulse to chatter that prompted Berenson in the same book to pronounce with a ridiculous pomposity on current political affairs: "If the ochlocracy prevail in our midst, . . . at last persuaded that man lives by bread alone . . . ; or worse fate, if, in the more than thrice millennial but still undecided duel between Europe and Asia, little Europe finally succumbs to the barbarians . . . etc." Only those who have not read the newspapers and magazines of that time will think that this is prophetic stuff, and only from ignorance of the state of opinion about Cézanne will one speak of Berenson as having discovered or understood Cézanne in 1897.

BERENSON NEVER GAVE to a modern painter or to the character of 20th-century art as a whole the kind of scrutiny that makes his comment on Italian painting so often arresting and true. He could see in modern art only disorder and distortion, and he found the explanation in the artist's belief that "low life is the only reality." But Mrs. Sprigge reports also his "theory that Picasso would not have so radically deformed and doodled the human face and figure unless he had found that the process paid"—a vulgar explanation, surprising from a man who was so sensitive about his own connection with the market. The School of Paris in retort has recalled that on the walls of I Tatti are murals by René Piot, commissioned by Berenson towards 1908 and later covered up. (This is the same academic painter who had been praised in the unsigned review of the Autumn Salon in *The Nation* in 1908 for his decorations of a mortuary hall and his studies of old Italian fresco techniques.)

In 1907 when Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin, and Seurat—men older than himself—had completed their work, when the *Fauves* and the young Picasso were already on the scene, Berenson still thought of modern art in mid-19th century terms. How else could he, in his book on the *North Italian Painters of the Renaissance* published in that year, assign the historic role of initiating modern art to the resurrected and again forgotten Domenico Brusasorci and his followers Farinati and Zelotti of the 16th-century provincial school of Verona? "It is their mode of visualising, if any," he wrote, "that still reigns in the world of painting." He was careful, of course, to distinguish between historic importance and artistic value; he conceded no merit at all to these supposed originators of modern painterly style.

IF BERENSON emerges from Mrs. Sprigge's biography and a re-reading of his famous work on Italian painting as less noble a man and less profound a critic than he has seemed to certain admirers, he remains a unique figure of his time. His life is interesting to contemplate both in itself and for what it tells of society before the first world war.

He created a world of his own in which he was the master. A rootless man, by choice remote from family and country, he made himself a centre, even—as was said—an institution. A frail little man, an æsthete dreaming of Pater's Marius, he had the will and energy and intelligence to achieve authority and a social position. His story, from the beginnings in the Russian Pale and the schools of Boston to the long years in Settignano, has a Balzacian flavour. Through all dangers he landed on both feet, even under Fascist anti-Semitism and with Hitler's army in Italy during the second world war.

His career depended on the coincidence of his personal aims with the style of life of the more cultured rich at the end of the century and especially their new interest in collecting Renaissance art. The perfection of the individual was sought then in æsthetic sensibility; through it one could surmount and redeem the egoism of practical affairs on which the well-being of this class rested. Happiness and freedom were found chiefly in the enjoyment of the arts, in travel and refined sociability in a beautiful leisure, means available only to a fortunate few. For some passionate or tender souls who shared this way of life, it did not exclude a concern for the wretched state of most of humanity. Aesthetic feeling then could even be a starting-point of radical thought. But more often, in a

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view typical for the 19th century, the contrast of the cultured and the uncultured replaced the contrast of rich and poor, employer and worker, leaving the obvious inequalities untouched. Beauty was separated from the ethical, the civic, and the religious, and lifted above these as a self-sufficient private goal. The æsthetic in itself could sublimate the imperfections of the world.

An heir to this ideology of culture, Berenson spoke often of "the humanisation of man" and in terms that show how fully this admirer of the Church accepted the hierarchy of his world as permanent.

> The more humanised we get the more storeys has our House of Life. At the bottom live those who rise little above other domesticated animals. It is well with them and they should be properly fed, kept clean and healthy in body and mind....

Still, he could not tolerate, as we learn from his biographer, even the modest reforms of a welfare state; he foresaw in them the ruin of England.

Berenson was not born to this view of culture, but came to it through his schooling in the '80s, the high noon of the Aesthetic movement. Though he absorbed something from the continent, his style of life and his ideas had many ties with revived pre-Raphaelitism. Burne-Jones was an early favourite of Berenson and his taste for Botticelli and Perugino, his rejection of naturalism and belief in the inherent antagonism of science and art, belong to the æsthetic cult of the '80s and '90s. As a student, Berenson was led by the reading of Ruskin and Pater and by Norton's teaching to imagine as his goal "the lifelong education of his receptive powers" that Pater had described in *Marius the Epicurean*. In the letter written at twenty-five, in which he opposed to Fabian reforms his own ideal of culture, he defined culture as

> The passion for training oneself to have enjoyment of one exquisite and beautiful thing leads on to the enjoyment of one even more beautiful.

Culture conceived in this way must lose its ties with common experience and the problems of mankind; it risks becoming empty and sterile. Berenson's accomplishment as a critic would not have been possible had he truly modelled his life on that shallow ideal. His connoisseurship and critical studies were a disciplined activity—self-imposed outside the schools—that engaged and ripened other powers than the receptive. Without this core of work his personal culture would have been vapid and precious. Rather he made of the knowledge of art, both historical and æsthetic, the object of an exacting effort with a public result. Here æstheticism, represented in his youthful person by a drifting languid susceptibility to impressions, was crossed with a strong inclination to the scholarly and practical. Berenson's importance in his world of æsthetic culture rested largely on the fact that his sensibility became the instrument of a profession. Through it he performed an essential service in the diagnostic judgment of works of art. Without sure names, the Italian art that was the goal of travellers and collectors had an uncertain value. Berenson also told his readers and hearers what to enjoy and own and how to enjoy it. His early writings on pictures—authoritative, resonant with lofty conviction and explanation—presented a model of æsthetic response, intense and refined, as well as a rational method of discerning the works of the great artists. He also set an example of the æsthetic life in his house at Settignano, a home that was more or less public, as open to visitors as the neighbouring churches and museums.

When that way of life was no longer viable —at least in its former innocence—Berenson became its miraculously surviving symbol. He continued to fascinate the traveller, nostalgic for the sweetness of living in the period before 1914 with its easier sociability, its untaxed wealth and opportunities for an æsthetic style of life.

Whatever he has said about his personal philosophy, Berenson was not the pure æsthete he often gave himself out to be. His creed of Beauty covered up the attitudes that ruled his daily existence and career. In writing and conversation he represented Culture as a disinterested striving for perfection and withheld the fact that his own cultured way of life was made possible by the use of Culture as a commodity. In that noble cult of the beautiful, one could not serve God without Mammon, as one of his admired authors has written. Business, a distasteful, indelicate subject, was the concealed plumbing of his House of Life. Like others in his time he was embarrassed to speak of the sources of his livelihood; the admissions would have conflicted with the appearance of a sovereign gentleman above material cares, and have exposed him, besides, to unpleasant reminders of his Jewish origin. But if he was unfaithful to Pater's ideal of "seeing" as the

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highest mode of "being," opposed to "having or doing"—an impossible choice for a poor young immigrant in America—this forced infidelity saved him from the pallor of the desensualised Marius.

It was both his good fortune and his misfortune that he had to make his own way. But he never allowed to occupy his publishable thought the anxieties, crises, and difficult decisions that accompanied his social ascent, his involvement with the market and the milieu that supported the picture trade. In repressing this side of his experience he also cut off reflection on what was most intimate in his character. Because he would not bring into the open his deeper concerns, his writings about himself and his world lack the authenticity, the searching conscience he valued in some of his favourite authors. The need to maintain an agreeable surface and various personal fictions made him a shallower thinker, too easily satisfied by gossip and wit. His *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*, we see now through the biography, is an uneasy manipulated avowal in which he struggles with his conscience and strives to reconcile his public image with uncertainties and doubts, while ignoring the grounds of the latter. The endless trail of visitors—the socially great whose homage reassured him that he was loved, admired, and accepted—did not still his anxiety (a repetition, perhaps, of an original boyhood doubt about his acceptance), nor the feeling of friendlessness and failure that disturbs the serenity of his Self-Portrait.

A Dream of School

I was climbing the steps
on my hands and knees
toward Nassau Hall,
the memory of a hundred
cocktail parties
clutched in my left hand,
and in my right a rotten
banister giving way.

Time after time I tottered
back to the pebbly ground
and started out again.
"Not forever," I screamed,
"This can't go on forever!"
and I thought that I
was Sisyphus and his stone
and that this is my climbing
climbing that Parnassus
with a bottle in one hand
and rotten wood in the other.

Richard Mayes

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Lost Horizons?

By John Wain

"WHY ARE so many people in England down on Cyril Connolly?" Edmund Wilson asked me, really wanting to know, when I first met him in 1957. He meant, of course, English writers and literary people generally, not the English public, who are so much the reverse of "down on" Mr. Connolly that he must be reckoned our most successful literary columnist. I mumbled some evasion, but the question continued to nag inside my head; Mr. Connolly's work *does* tend, in England, to be dismissed with a patronising judgment, often by people who are obviously nothing like as sensitive, witty, and informed as he is, and there must be some reason for it.

One explanation springs to mind at once. Mr. Connolly makes his living as a critic, but his criticism has about it a continual air of pushing against the closed door that leads into imaginative writing. He is the exact opposite of the man who says, "I am a critic and proud of it; I have the right gifts, developed by the right kind of training; I am *not* making do with a *pis-aller*. Criticism is a discipline, like history or philosophy, with its own procedures, its own obligations, and its own status." Mr. Connolly's attitude, by contrast, is fairly summed up in a sentence from *Enemies of Promise* (1938): "Since I was unable to write in any living language when I left Eton I was already on the way to becoming a critic." The role for which he has cast himself, and for which we constantly see him applying the grease-paint, is that of the Failed Writer. That same passage goes on:

> My ambition was to be a poet but I could not succeed when poetry was immersed in the Georgian or neo-Tennysonian tradition. I could but have imitated Housman, Flecker, Brooke, de la Mare, or Ralph Hodgson. By the time Eliot and Valéry came to save my generation from the romantic dragon it had already devoured me. I was, however, well-grounded enough to become a critic and drifted into it through unemployability.

Clearly enough, this kind of talk is intensely irritating to a High Priest of criticism, such as Dr. Leavis. Nor is it likely to go down well with the American New Critics. A critic who talks in this way about criticism is held, rightly or wrongly, to be undermining the basic position of his craft: the assumption that the critic is the equal of the artist, that he has the right to assess his work and even lecture him on its faults and question its basic values. This assumption is, in most cases, a legal fiction and a pretty absurd one, and yet it is hard to see how any criticism could get done without it.

Another reason why snide remarks about Mr. Connolly come so easily to some people's lips is that he is, for the very reason I have just given, popular and admired among people who are the enemies of genuine discrimination and hard thinking. Like Lord David Cecil, he is to some extent a victim of the sort of people who read him. It takes a certain amount of courage, in "serious" literary circles here in England, to admit to an admiration of Mr. Connolly's work, because to do so is to line oneself up with a vacuous and modish fringe of the literary world, obnoxious to any genuine reader or writer. Most writers who are popular are liked for the wrong reasons, and Mr. Connolly is popular because he makes epigrams and comes out with dashing judgments. "*Howard's End*, written in 1910, introduces the first post-war young highbrow, with a post-war name (Sebastian), and a simplified form of writing in full revolt against Henry James." Apart from the dubious piece of causal reasoning here, there is no character named Sebastian in *Howard's End*; Mr. Connolly must have been thinking of Leonard Bast. But his readers, the kind of readers who take him as a

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weekly oracle, were unlikely to raise this kind of objection. Mr. Connolly has gone on reprinting this sentence down through the years (it is in the new U.S. edition,* on p. 292), and nobody has jogged his elbow; he doesn't, it seems, get the one basic privilege of every critic—an attentive audience.

THERE are, however, important things to be said on the credit side. To begin with, Mr. Connolly is undeniably sincere in taking up the stance of the Failed Writer. As a young man, he wrote a fresh and amusing novel, *The Rock Pool*, and there are passages in all his later books that could only have come from an original writer, one whose mind really does work differently from that of the pure (not "mere") critic. He is not, in other words, merely saying "I could have been a writer if . . . ," without producing any evidence: the evidence is solidly there. And the standard by which he judged himself to have "failed" is the highest one.

> The more books we read, the sooner we perceive that the true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece and that no other task is of any consequence. Obvious though this should be, how few writers will admit it, or having made the admission, will be prepared to lay aside the piece of iridescent mediocrity on which they have embarked! Writers always hope that their next book is going to be their best, for they will not acknowledge that it is their present way of life which prevents them from ever creating anything different or better.

This theme, of the writer whose way of life prevents him from achieving a masterpiece, runs through almost everything Mr. Connolly writes. It is a more serious theme than his detractors allow, and it is given a convincing urgency by Mr. Connolly's insistence that he is himself an example. All his more sustained writing—everything above the level of the 800-word review—tends to gravitate towards this theme of the writer who is hampered by the kind of life he finds himself living. Over twenty years ago he gave us *Enemies of Promise*, a critical survey of the factors working against the emergence of talent; and one-third of the book, logically enough, was devoted to an account of his own education and upbringing, to show how the springs of imagination were silted over in his own case.

Enemies of Promise was a success, and yet it also met with a harsh, contemptuous reception in some quarters, for this was the epoch of reformist zeal, the Spanish War and the Popular Front, and no one had time for an Etonian's lament over the trampled flower of his genius. "Were I to deduce any system from my feelings on leaving Eton," ran a much quoted passage, "it might be called *The Theory of Permanent Adolescence*. It is the theory that the experiences undergone by boys at the great public schools, their glories and disappointments, are so intense as to dominate their lives and to arrest their development."

A couple of years later, George Orwell, whose education had kept pace with Connolly's in that they had been contemporaries at the same preparatory school as well as at Eton, commented on this theory in his critical book, *Inside the Whale*.

> When you read the second sentence in this passage, your natural impulse is to look for the misprint. Presumably there is a "not" left out, or something. But no, not a bit of it! He means it! And what is more, he is merely speaking the truth, in an inverted fashion. "Cultured" middle-class life has reached a depth of softness at which a public-school education—five years in a lukewarm bath of snobbery—can actually be looked back on as an eventful period.

THIS IS NOT ALTOGETHER fair, as we shall see in a moment; still, *Enemies of Promise* does not quite make its case. One feels that to say, "I couldn't be a poet because the romantic dragon swallowed me while I was still at school," is to give up a little too easily. The Failed Writer doesn't convince us that he has really tried. I suspect that Mr. Connolly may have felt this himself, because a bare half-dozen years after *Enemies of Promise* he tackled the same theme much more resolutely in *The Unquiet Grave*. Here, the problems of the writer are seen as part of the whole predicament of modern man, the argument goes much deeper, and the passion which infuses the whole book raises it to the level of a work of real literary art.

> . . . even as obscure poisons, foci of infection, septic teeth, and germ-crowded colons play a part in the origins of insanity, so do slums, great cities, proletarian poverty, and bourgeois boredom, or tyrannies of family and herd contribute to obscure our sense of union with the physical world. "The misery of mankind is manifold" and breeds everywhere the despair, fear, hate, and destruction which ulcerate our peace. Nature is banished from our civilisation, the seasons lose their rhythm, the fruits of the earth their savour, the animals, co-heirs of our planet, are wantonly exterminated, the God within us is denied, and the God without. Wisdom and serenity become treasures to be concealed, and happiness a lost art. Resentment triumphs; the frustrated "Have-nots" massacre the "Haves." We are in fact

* Cyril Connolly, *Enemies of Promise*. Doubleday, Anchor Books. $1.25.

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within sight of achieving a world neurosis, a world in which atrophy of the instincts (except that of herd-slaughter), abuse of the intellect, and perversion of the heart will obliterate our knowledge of the purpose of life: humanity will choke in its own bile.

When the present slaughter terminates humanity can survive only through a return to the idea of happiness as the highest good, happiness which lies not in Power or in the exercise of the Will, but in the flowering of the spirit, and which in an unwarped society should coincide with consciousness. The justification for the State, therefore, will consist in rendering the individuals who compose it happier than they can make themselves by helping them to fulfil their potentialities to control their Promethean environment and to reverence the Zeus-environment which they cannot master. When once we have discovered how pain and suffering diminish the personality, and how joy alone increases it, then the morbid attraction which is felt for evil, pain, and abnormality will have lost its power. Why do we reward our men of genius, our suicides, our madmen, and the generally maladjusted with the melancholy honours of a posthumous curiosity? Because we know that it is our society which has condemned these men to death, and which is guilty because out of its own ignorance and malformation it has persecuted those who were potential saviours; smiters of the rock who might have touched the spring of healing and brought us back into harmony with ourselves.

Gone is the mere self-pity, the tendency to blame schooldays or the literary fashion of twenty years before. The book has a genuinely tragic element because the author convinces us of his passionate belief in art and also of his despair, his conviction that the world has wandered away from health and sanity and therefore necessarily from art, which demands both vision and confidence.

THERE is nothing frivolous or hedonistic about such a view, and indeed Mr. Connolly's position is not so different from that of a severe, entrenched Puritan like Dr. Leavis. For Leavis, too, holds that great art can only arise under conditions that make for spiritual health, and when it comes to damning the modern world it would be hard to choose between them.

On the one hand there is the enormous technical complexity of civilisation, a complexity that could be dealt with only by an answering efficiency of co-ordination—a co-operative concentration of knowledge, understanding, and will (and "understanding" means not merely a grasp of intricacies, but a perceptive wisdom about ends). On the other hand, the social and cultural disintegration that has accompanied the development of the inhumanly complex machinery is destroying what should have controlled the working. It is as if society, in so complicating and extending the machinery of organisation, had incurred a progressive debility of consciousness and the powers of co-ordination and control—had lost intelligence, memory, and moral purpose.

That is Leavis on modern society (in *Education and the University*, which came out in the same year as *The Unquiet Grave*); and, behind Leavis' condemnation of most of what has passed for English literature in his time, there lies this steady dissent from the whole drift of modern civilisation.

It would be fanciful to push the assimilation much further, but since Leavis and Connolly are generally supposed to represent the two opposite poles in contemporary English criticism it is just worth pointing out how much they have in common. Leavis' distrust of the modern world has led him into his well-known hardness to please; he would certainly agree that "the true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece." Mr. Connolly, ultimately, is just as hard to please; he is always telling us that the game is up, that no good work can possibly be done any more. After ten years of editing *Horizon*, he wound it up with an editorial which declared, "It is closing time in the gardens of the West and from now on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude or the quality of his despair." The difference is that the one says it with a tear, the other with a frown; Mr. Connolly genuinely regrets that the game is up and only wishes that the writers of his own time *could* rise to the true heights; whereas Dr. Leavis too often gives the impression of a man refusing, with tightened lips and cold eyes, to be taken in by a clumsy confidence trick; he seems to think that writers publish bad books simply in order to annoy *him*.

I PERSONALLY DO NOT FIND that either of these critics make my flesh creep. Of course the world is in a horrible mess, but to deduce from that fact there cannot ever again be great literary art is too much of a jump; as long as the West can keep its political liberty, there is always a chance. And if the greatest heights do, for one reason and another, remain out of reach, we shall just have to write as well as we can, and keep our spirits up, without too much agonising. The 'fifties in England have not been a decade studded with masterpieces, but they have shown a great deal of activity; the English novel has been given a fresh impetus and so has English poetry; the theatre is more alive than it has been for 100 years; important works have appeared in the spheres of history, biography, and criticism. Mr. Connolly wanders about the gardens of the West, shouting "All out!" and ringing his little bell, but no one seems to hear him.

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I AM NOT saying that "time" has "proved him wrong," or anything so high-flying; only that the gardens of the West are still demonstrably open.* The ten years following that famous pronouncement saw the first appearance of a whole crowd of English writers; not all are going to be remembered, and one or two are fading already, but it would take a very determined pessimist to say that he detected no sign of life, no promise for the future, in the whole mass of work produced by—to dash down a few representative names—William Golding, Iris Murdoch, Kingsley Amis, John Osborne, Harold Pinter, Philip Larkin. And that is to confine oneself to England, and to writers who had published nothing before 1950.

Dr. Leavis, I understand, reacts to the newer writers by a simple refusal to read them. But then Mr. Connolly, in a gentler way, also gives the impression of having given up. Since the demise of *Horizon*, he appears to have done very little except for his weekly column in the *Sunday Times*, and even there he evidently makes it a policy to avoid reviewing any but the most marginal books. He seems, in his fifties, to be seeking an honourable retirement.

There may, of course, be more than one reason for this. For one thing, the writing most characteristic of the 'fifties has not been such as Mr. Connolly most readily enjoys. He likes best the Augustan age in Rome, its re-creation in England and France from about 1660 to 1740, and (possibly as a counter-balancing opposite) the heyday of European romanticism from 1770 to 1850. The newer English authors he probably finds too raw, too self-sufficient; they are apt to cut loose from the past and spin from within themselves the material for a new start.

Not that Mr. Connolly can blame them for this. In 1944 he gave it as his opinion that the novel was played out. "Flaubert, Henry James, Proust, Joyce, and Virginia Woolf have finished off the novel. Now all will have to be re-invented as from the beginning." But when the re-inventing was done, Mr. Connolly was not among those who cheered; and for an evident reason. The result was too conservative, not experimental enough. Just as he had predicted, a generation of writers appeared who did not try to continue the work of James, Proust, Joyce, *et al.* (And with regard to Virginia Woolf, they

*And at the very least, however we cloak ourselves in humility, we can claim to have invalidated Mr. Connolly's other diagnosis of a decade ago: "In normal times the slow desiccation of middle-aged writers would be balanced by the emergence of younger ones, but in the world of cold war and conscription this has not proved to be the case."

The Twentieth Century

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were openly sceptical, inclining to the view that *that* particular tip had been a mistake.) But neither was it felt necessary to "re-invent" "as from the beginning." Instead, older models, neglected for a century, were reverted to. A knock-about realist like Smollett became more of an "influence" than Proust. Mr. Amis, the most widely admired new writer of the 'fifties, wrote straightforward comedy of manners that would not have seemed unfamiliar to Fanny Burney.

IT IS HERE THAT WE CIRCLE back to the Etonian chapter in *Enemies of Promise* and see the effect on Mr. Connolly of his education. Eton seems to have given him a sense of ripeness, of the completeness of a culture to which nothing could ever be added. "My favourite books (of the Old Testament) were Ecclesiastes and the Wisdom of Solomon in which I recognised the melancholy and tired distinction of an old race." Dangerous recognition for a boy of eighteen! Early impressions are never effaced, and to this day Mr. Connolly's favourite writers are all those who show a sense of ripeness, an understanding of the historical process that has brought certain qualities to fullness and held back others. "Though Virgil and Horace copied Greek models," he writes in *The Unquiet Grave*,

> they imitated them at a time when the flowering of Roman civilisation demanded just such a refinement, a taking over of the trusteeship of the past by the swelling Latin genius. In that sense every writer re-fashions the literature of the past and produces his tiny commentary, nothing is ever quite new; but there comes a moment when a whole culture ripens and prepares to make its own versions of the great art of its predecessors.

Notice the words here which remind one of the life-cycle of fruit and vegetables: "the *swelling* Latin genius," "a whole culture *ripens*." Probably if Mr. Connolly had to find a metaphor descriptive of present-day English writing, he would call it green, sour, productive only of "berries harsh and crude." And in fact there is a sense in which all English literature seems to him rough, unripe, the produce of an ungainly people "bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn." He has a deep, instinctive affinity with the Mediterranean peoples. The maturity and poise of the great sun-drenched cultures, beginning with Greece and Rome and going on to present-day France and Spain, are always present in his mind as a contrast to the more rugged virtues of the English imagination. Neither the life nor the literature of England really satisfies him. In this respect he resembles Lawrence Durrell, another Irishman and a man of about the same generation; Durrell spent the first few years of his life in India, coming to England only to go to school, and the hot sun, strong colours, and mid-day languor of India have evidently stayed in his bones, making England depressing to him with its cool rain-washed landscape and misty emotions. The result: a life spent mainly abroad, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and *The Alexandria Quartet*. In Mr. Connolly's case, one is not surprised to hear, there was a similar exposure to the sun in early life, when his father's regiment was ordered to South Africa. "The freesias grew wild in the grass and those long thin stems with their wayward creamy blossom, and their fragrance, so strangely fresh and yet sophisticated, were my first clue to the vast riches of the universe . . . there were chameleons in the garden and squashed apricots; on Sundays the Regiment had church parades and there were smells of pine and eucalyptus, paint blisters and hot tar." So, after all, Mr. Connolly's æsthetic sensibilities are one of the by-products of the Boer War. A strange thought!

BUT in the end, of course, we come back to Eton. Orwell was wrong to be contemptuous. It is never wise to develop a boy's intelligence as if under glass. Most English public schools are in no danger of doing this; they are simply places where a boy learns to take cold baths and floggings; but Eton has always lavished the resources of a superb humanistic tradition on its more forward pupils, making them free of a full-blown, sophisticated literary culture that either sinks them altogether or, if they manage to survive and become writers, gives them that characteristic Etonian brilliance, a kind of shimmer on the surface of everything they write. Fielding, Gray, and Shelley have it; so do quite a number of minor writers like Dolben, Swinburne, and Bridges; Mr. Connolly has it very markedly.

Too markedly, that is the trouble. The oversated quality that marked his literary sensibilities as an Eton schoolboy was already a danger sign. Oxford, which seemed to him merely an anti-climax ("The world of matey young men with their pipes and grey bags, the blokeries to which we had been allotted, filled us with despair") was not enough of a change; it did not even take him out of the relaxing, dream-inducing climate of the Thames Valley. Cambridge (in either Cambridgeshire or Massachusetts) would have been better.

So it is, I think, an excellent thing for American readers to have *Enemies of Promise* as a paper-back; after twenty-odd years the book still leads us authoritatively into its own world. And after all, these notes on Mr. Connolly are not intended as an obituary. He may seem, at

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present, to have withdrawn from anything like an active part in the struggle to maintain quality; but he still has energy, and knowledge, and above all he has generosity. He may yet surprise us.

Times and Lives

Hired to Kill. By JOHN MORRIS. *Rupert Hart-Davis* in association with *The Cresset Press*. 25s.

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WE ARE always being told that we live in an age of criticism, but I wonder whether it would not be truer to say that we live in one of autobiography. Critics would disdain to consider this, because if they discuss contemporary works at all, they confine their attentions to poetry, fiction, and the work of other critics.

Yet it is clear that anyone who writes poetry or fiction in this time is at a grave disadvantage. Owing to rapidly changing modern circumstances the conditions that affect the behaviour of a generation in one decade become entirely altered in the next. The novelists who had that grasp of reality when they were a younger generation which enabled them to analyse their contemporaries in the 30s or 40s or 50s may be disqualified, for that very reason, from understanding another decade. The creative in our time must struggle endlessly to keep up with metamorphosising reality. Poets are perhaps luckier than novelists in that they deal with a more restricted scene, but, on the other hand, even more than the novelists, their reputations are at the mercy of their very limited public, and the changing fashions of intellectual criticism.

If life is short and art is long, autobiography is the only modern art in which the writer has time on his side. For the autobiographer, being dated, having one's roots in the past, being outside, are positive advantages. Read the poems of some Georgian (or writer of the 'Thirties, or Apocalyptic, or Angry Young Man) and one may think—unless the poet is one of the great self-renewers—how he recedes into his time! But read his autobiography, and if it is an exact account, one is more likely to reflect—how wonderful to have been alive then! Yeats modernised his poetic style, and his early poems seem dated. But read his later autobiographic journals and they seem less fresh and direct than the reminiscences he wrote in the 1890s.

Amazing, one thinks, to have been John Morris, peacefully, as it were, skirmishing side by side with friendly Gurkhas against ferocious tribesmen of the North-West frontier; still more amazing to have lain awake in London like Leonard Woolf, when a boy, listening to the hooves of horses beating their tattoo on the drum of London streets.

These two autobiographers could scarcely be more different. John Morris is a skilful and controlled writer, and despite one major calculated indiscretion (when he admits to being happily seduced by his Gurkha batman in a tent), he constructs a self-portrait which is as cool as that of Gibbon.

His character is phlegmatic to a degree which reminds me at moments of Nietzsche's description of Wagner's music, as having the slowest pulse in the universe. He seems very sensibly to have arranged his life on the principle of choosing jobs for which he was not quite suited, with a view to leaving himself the greatest possible freedom to pursue his real interests, music and literature. In this preliminary volume which, of course, does not take him to anywhere near the time when he became director of the B.B.C.'s "Third Programme," he writes with modesty, and often very funnily, of a military career with many setbacks: but one has the impression that he has always acquitted himself with distinction. After a financial catastrophe had overtaken his middle-class family, Mr. Morris, instead of being sent to the University, was obliged to become a bank clerk. To him, this threatened spiritual death—from which he was saved by the outbreak of the First World War. After taking part in the battle of the Somme, he volunteered for service in India, and at the end of the war found himself in Egypt. He then joined the Indian Army as an officer. While in India he took part in the 1922 Everest expedition, and became an expert on Tibet. The present volume of his autobiography finishes with his being invalided and sent to Switzerland with tuberculosis. But Asia had got into his bones, and he tells us he has never really wanted to live anywhere else.

Mr. Morris writes honestly and unemotionally, but his controlled, detached style can become moving and even terrifying. Chapter Fifteen, in which he describes how he and his company were ambushed by Mahsud tribesmen on the frontier, is a little masterpiece. In a quiet way, Mr. Morris is one of the living masters of English prose style.

LEONARD WOOLF'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY is far more discursive than Mr. Morris's. By comparison, it

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seems seeped with passion and enthusiasm. Mr. Woolf had a London Victorian childhood and was one of a family of ten children, the son of Sidney Woolf, Q.C., of Jewish origins. To-day, an octogenarian, looking from his Sussex window, he never forgets "my Semitic ancestors, with the days of their national greatness, such as it was, already behind them... in Persia or Palestine."

This first volume (we are promised more) is about growing up. Mr. Woolf has powers of attentive memory of particulars and an inspired naïveté and love of truth which at moments make his descriptions of childhood, and some of his observations, remind one of Tolstoy's account of his Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth. Indeed there is something Tolstoyan about Mr. Woolf's view that everyone is, or was, in childhood, the same creature, behind the mask of acquired characteristics which he assumes at a certain age in order to confront his fellow-adults, or adolescents.

> The fact is that at the age of ten, I was a fully developed human being, mean, cowardly, untruthful, nasty, and cruel, just as I was at twenty, fifty, and seventy. And when I observed my companions' actions or caught a glimpse of the curtain of their words, I recognised in them the same intimations of immorality. Yet at the same time there was in all of us—or nearly all of us—I am sure, that animula, vagula, blandula, the gentle, eager, inquisitive, generous, vulnerable guest and companion of our bodies which seemed to have little or no connection with that other tough guest and comrade of the same body.

This is a passage one could write on one's heart. It is also revealing of Leonard Woolf's true and human simplicity, and explains why, when he was a magistrate in Ceylon, he could not condemn a prisoner to the lightest punishment without an increase of that trembling of his hands which is hereditary to him, so that he had to withdraw for some minutes before he had enough control to sign the warrant.

Mr. Woolf does not believe in original sin yet he understands the subjective truth of each person's loneliness, inferiority, and animal nature. He is religious without having a religion, in modern terms a liberal, but with a past like a halo surrounding him with shining qualities of Hebrew and Greek civilisations.

His penetration rarely fails, yet his descriptions of his Cambridge friends, those Apostles who afterwards became the demi-gods of Bloomsbury, fall just short of being finally convincing.

He leaves us, of course, in no doubt that G. E. Moore, Maynard Keynes, E. M. Forster, Lytton Strachey, Virginia and Vanessa Stephen, Desmond McCarthy, were a dazzling band. Nor do I wish to think otherwise. But since they have been labelled "Bloomsbury," it is a pity that it seems to be their fate to be discussed either by those who remain endlessly dazzled by their qualities, or who dismiss them abruptly (at the moment of writing, a current gibe at the "'civilisation' of Clive Bell and Bloomsbury" drops from the pen of F. R. Leavis in a letter to *The New Statesman*).

WHAT ONE REALLY WANTS is a portrait of this generation in three dimensions and not as a kind of credit-and-debit account in the manner of Keynes' *A Memoir*.

Unfortunately, Mr. Woolf applies, for example to Keynes himself, the credit-and-debit approach: first of all telling us how wonderful Keynes was, and then, how awful. The two sides of the account add up to judgment, but not to a human being.

Now the most serious criticism to be made of a group like the "Apostles" is that they wore too inhibitingly the masks of their intellectual attainments, high ideals, physical beauty, personal charm. All these are admirable qualities, but when they have the effect of making the spectator fail to see what goes on behind the mask, of deceiving perhaps even the mask-

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wearers themselves, then you get an inhibiting spirit of cliquish superiority, in which humble and universal values of life, especially the religious, are denied. Compared with a group superiority complex, an individual's inferiority complex is of immortal value.

Every clique—even if its gospel is G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica*—has an element of gangsterdom about it: and every mask—even when worn by a Fellow of Kings—is something of the black face-cover worn by a burglar. And the reaction of everyone who dislikes the clique is to tear away the mask and expose behind it—nothing. The only effective defence of Bloomsbury would be to portray its members in three dimensions.

A demon explodes into the Cambridge Symposium and tears off the mask to discover—black beetles. It is D. H. Lawrence writing to David Garnett after a breakfast party given in Bertrand Russell's rooms in Cambridge:

> Never bring Birrell to see me any more. There is something nasty about him like black beetles. He is horrible and unclean. I feel I should go mad when I think of your set, Duncan Grant and Keynes and Birrell. It makes me dream of beetles. In Cambridge I had a similar dream. I had felt it slightly before in the Stracheys. But it came upon me full in Keynes and Duncan Grant.

Lawrence's recommendation for dealing with beetles was Keating's powder. He wrote to Bertrand Russell and told him that he was, literally, a baby, and recommended that he should take the course (unprecedented, I think, in the annals of infancy) of committing suicide.

The reactions of the Cambridge set to this kind of thing were, as far as Lawrence is concerned, extremely posthumous. Nearly fifty years later, Bertrand Russell replied on the B.B.C. with a blistering denunciation of Lawrence's philosophy, which he connected with the blood baths of Hitlerism. Keynes in his *Memoir*—forty years later—approaches Lawrence in the statesmanlike, reasonable spirit of Neville Chamberlain considering the attitudes of Hitler.

> Keynes felt "There was something in Lawrence's judgment, some justification for his horror and rage against 'us' . . . there was a 'thinness and superficiality, as well as the falsity, of our view of man's heart.' "

It seems to me that Lawrence's was a cowardly and mean attack, justified only in the light of Lawrence's own psychology, and not relevant to the people attacked, and that there is something suspect about Keynes' leaning over backwards to admit it is one half (the black, or black beetle, half) of the Apostolic truth. He puts me in mind of someone who, being charged with seeming to be too good to be true, might reply that he is too bad to be false.

Mr. Woolf does believe that behind each one's mask there is the same human being. But this view of life works much better in the first half of his book when he is dealing with his childhood, than in the second half, when he is dazzled by the ideal: and his admissions of the flaws in the golden bowl don't quite bring the Apostles to life. But beyond all else there is the portrait of Leonard Woolf himself, intensely personal, intensely human, not idealized, and for that reason, difficult not to love.

Stephen Spender

Island and Continent

British Policy with Regard to the Unification Efforts on the European Continent. By H. J. Heiser. A. W. Sijthoff (Leiden). Studies on Politics, European Aspects, a Collection of Studies Relating to European Integration published under the auspices of the Council of Europe.

In the austere language of a civil servant's memorandum, this useful book records the steps thus far taken in the formation of "Europe," and the external traces of Britain's ambivalent relation to that process. The documents themselves, for all their stiffness, are coloured by the most complex of all the connections which link and divide the peoples of the world, that between Britain and France, in the first instance, and, beyond it, that of Britain to the other nations of the Continent.

The Anglo-French relation is a palimpsest of memories, perpetuating sensitivities and fears which keep the experience of many centuries alive. Saxon and Norman, Napoleon and Foch, Huguenots and Stuarts, lawyers and writers and merchants without number—they are all there, shaping the lenses through which Britons and Frenchmen see the realities of their national interests.

In 1945, there was a widespread feeling on the Continent that "European nationalism" had destroyed itself in the near-suicide of the two German wars. "Europe must be re-born," many believed, and as a single entity, drawing its spiritual meaning from the shared ideals of a common culture, civilised, humane, parliamentary, and democratic. A French officer told me, "I have fought seven wars for France. I am through. From now on, I fight only for

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Europe!" He was wrong, even as a prophet: he fought again in Indo-China and in Algeria. But his remark reflected a reality, nonetheless. All the societies of the Continent had visibly failed, in one way or another: Germany and Italy had succumbed to tyranny, and to wild, primitive dreams; France, Poland, Belgium, and the others had proved incapable of self-defence, and in France the political order had disintegrated into its shadowy past—the parties of the Revolution and of the Counter-Revolution. Britain alone had survived, with a sense of success: in British eyes, the British system had withstood the shocks of war. True, its survival, as compared with the failure of Poland or the Netherlands, was a function of geography and the wartime partnerships with the United States and the Soviet Union. But most Britons looked back to the war with justifiable pride. They did not feel, as so many people did on the Continent, that "the time had come for radical change" in their political system.

There were Britons who saw beyond the thoughts and emotions of the moment, above all Churchill, with his extraordinary insight into the politics and strategy of history. In June, 1940, he sponsored the offer of political union with France proposed to him by M. Jean Monnet and General de Gaulle—surely one of the crucial missed opportunities of this century. After the war, in a succession of speeches and acts, he urged the formation of a wider European Union (including Britain) which could serve to liberate a new, safe, democratic Germany, and provide an indispensable counterweight to the threat of Soviet ambition in the theatre of world politics.

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But the opportunity of the years immediately after the war was lost. The wave of emotional feeling about the European idea receded somewhat, as older, ultimate sentiments of national feeling asserted their claims. In Britain, the "European Party," which cuts across political party lines, lost influence when Churchill's long views of grand strategy gave way to the more parochial attitudes of the Civil Service. The European policy of France was dismissed in Britain as a pretentious, rhetorical nuisance. And there was more than a trace of the feeling that the European idea was an unattractive affair of "conservatives and businessmen," to be opposed by Socialists, absorbed in the task of achieving full employment and social reform in one country.

Meanwhile, France persevered, first in the Monnet Plan of large-scale investment in its basic industries, and then in a foreign policy of great imagination, equally responsive to M. Monnet's fertile ideas. French foreign policy since the war would have been a remarkable achievement at any time. It was all the more remarkable for a country which had been wounded and divided by France's experience with war and occupation, and by the torments, disappointments, and frustrations of the post-war years.

The essence of the French plan, utilising every opportunity, was to embrace Germany in a marriage of convenience and conviction, if not of love. Given German integration into a binding European community, the forces of German democracy and German social energy would be free to develop constructively, without risk from a new Bismarck, Wilhelm, or Hitler. So long as the weight of Germany's partners in the community was great enough, Europe and the world would be protected against the possibility of a future outburst of German nationalism and aggression. Such an equilibrium within the European Commonwealth could be fully and conclusively assured in the long run only by British membership. Once Europe was thus formed, as a closely-knit association (or even federation), it could greatly strengthen the Atlantic Alliance, and help to stabilise the relations of the West and of the Communist world.

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Its potential influence in world affairs would not be dissipated in futile internal quarrels, such as those which preceded the two World Wars. On the contrary, the cohesive association of the European countries would make Europe a massive force which could help to achieve the great tasks of world politics—a *modus vivendi* with Communism, a new order of world organisation to replace the old order of Empire, and assistance to the development of peoples newly liberated from imperial rule.

THE EUROPEAN IDEA was especially appealing in Germany, where many regarded it as a form of magic, which could permit them to exorcise their shame. But popular support for the development of European institutions has grown steadily and without major fluctuations in all six of the nations which have adhered to the treaties establishing the Coal & Steel Community, Euratom, and the Common Market. The man-in-the-street may not know much in detail about the policies of the distant bureaucrats who represent him in Luxembourg or in Brussels. But he is more and more favourably aware of what he regards as the essence of their work: the sense of security and decency associated with the phenomenon of Franco-German collaboration, so much more appealing than bitter yearnings for revenge; the extraordinary rate of economic and social progress in the six countries which has characterised these years, and which has come to be associated with the formation of "Europe;" and a greater feeling of solidarity, dramatised both in the conduct of foreign relations, and in the increased tempo of visits, exchanges, and of trade and cultural connections among the nations.

There was, and remains, one flaw in the programme of post-war France and of Adenauer's Germany: the failure thus far of all efforts to persuade Britain to participate in the working life of the more specifically "European" institutions. Time and again, as Mr. Heiser's book shows, Britain was coaxed to the edge of the pond, but could not, would not be persuaded to dive in. Vague instincts have thus far restrained British governments from taking the plunge. There is talk of Commonwealth relations (although after the 1960 Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers this argument has lost even the appearance of great significance); British fear of weakening the Anglo-American alliance has equally been a factor (despite the clear preference of American governments for a more solidified Europe, which would include Britain); economic considerations are frequently mentioned (as if economic goals were in fact ends, rather than means, in the programme of forging Europe). Beyond these reasons for hesitation, one confronts less tangible thoughts, perhaps more fundamental: "Do we *have* to be so mixed up with those people?"... "They are so different from us"... "Do they really like us, and want us to join?..."

It is, I think, evidence of a flaw in British education and political life that one almost never meets Britons who view the future organisation of Europe as a problem in power politics. By and large, men and women who have specialised since the age of twelve or fourteen in mathematics or classics or literature lack the perspective towards history which is a commonplace among people trained in the schools and universities of the Continent. It is obvious to every Frenchman and German that British membership in "Europe" is necessary to make doubly certain that the Europe of the Six, at a moment of weakness in France, Italy, and the Low Countries, could never be made an instrument for the kind of German nationalism which has been so familiar a phenomenon for the last hundred years—a phenomenon inevitably just as dangerous to Britain as to France, Russia, and the United States. This point is rarely seen in Britain, and even more rarely accepted as the major premise of political action. It is not uncommon to find Englishmen who yearn for the neutrality of Switzerland or Sweden, as if that status were in fact available to Britain, and toy with projects of unilateral disarmament, and other echoes of the disastrous pacifism of the early 'thirties. And it is correspondingly unusual to find Britons who agree that the question at issue is whether Europe in the future will be ultimately controlled by the Anglo-French *entente* or, given an unfortunate combination of unlikely, but possible political events, by a powerful, aggressive Germany.

Two forces have led in recent months to a reappraisal of British policy towards the Continent: the collapse of the Summit Conference, and the tone of Soviet policy since that melancholy event; and the prevalence of the view that "The Europe of the Six" is an economic and, potentially, a political success, whose dynamism may leave Britain a weak and isolated appendage of a new Holy Roman or Napoleonic Europe. It is too early to be sure whether these shocks are severe enough to overcome the inertia and sense of pride which have thus far helped to keep Britain outside the institutions of the Six. The Prime Minister has shown a keen awareness of the importance of the problem to Britain and to the Atlantic Community, both in his outburst of irritation in Washington, and in his visit to Bonn during the summer. It is not Utopian to hope that the actions and re-

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actions of this period will lead to a solution, perhaps in new forms, which could help establish a more secure foundation for the political development of the European Community.

From the point of view of the Atlantic Alliance, and the balance of power which must be the fulcrum of Western foreign policy, a more cohesive Europe should be a factor of strength, and not of weakness, in the development of Western programmes. Much depends, of course, on the vigour and intelligence of American leadership in those tasks of defence and diplomacy which are common to the Atlantic Alliance as a whole. But taking it for granted that institutions will only rarely be directed by first-rate men at the peak of their powers, and that even first-rate men sometimes make major errors, the West as a whole should be better placed when Europe is organised as a commonwealth than it is to-day.

AN ULTIMATE DOUBT about the future of Europe in many minds, British, American, and Continental, concerns the problem of "sovereignty." Should Europe become a supra-national federation on the American model? or an association of *"patries,"* in President de Gaulle's phrase? The word and idea of sovereignty are extremely sensitive matters, about which intense loyalties cluster. Yet the issue is illusory, if it is viewed in the perspective of functions.

As the world is organised to-day, no nation, not even the United States or the Soviet Union, has the sovereign power to declare war, without regard to the possibility of counter-action organised in the name of the United Nations. The precedents of Korea, Suez, and the Congo make it clear that the "sovereign" power to wage war is coming under the control of new doctrines of international law, as yet imperfectly reflected in the legal literature. And other traditional aspects of national sovereignty have also been qualified by the effective assertion of the interdependence of modern states within the world community. "Sovereignty" over monetary policy, over copyrights, tariffs, even over road-traffic signs, demonstrates the way in which national policy has come to recognise the consequences to others of acts once considered the exclusive business of the nation-state.

Europe to-day, including Great Britain, presents the fascinating spectacle of a series of most successful local societies in search of a government. With minor variations of effectiveness, each of the European nations has achieved institutions of government which deal democratically and well with its local problems of employment, education, social services, city planning, agriculture, and the like. In each of these countries, society has never shown more vitality and variety, and has never betrayed less internal tension, as it moves ahead confidently to apply its own ideas of social justice to the solution of its particular problems. Yet the assurance of peace, the protection of its internal order against the risk of aggression—the classic primary duties of government—are clearly beyond the capacity of even the strongest of the existing nation-states of the West, including the United States. The conduct of alliances, difficult enough under the pressures of war, raises almost insuperable problems of instability in a period of prolonged international tension, like that which began in 1945.

What the West has been groping for, in the series of experiments described in Mr. Heiser's book, is a new form of political association appropriate to the needs of a new age, dominated as it is by the threat of new weapons, and the hostility of the world Communist movement. It is a problem in "pure politics," to borrow M. de Jouvenel's striking phrase. The creation of a political entity capable of discharging those functions now beyond the reach of the nation-state need not call into question existing national sovereignty over local questions effectively controlled by national governments. The institutional forms of the new Europe and

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the new Atlantic Community should represent the realities of functional interdependence, in the realms of security, political action, and economic co-ordination, which have been so violently dramatised by the challenge we generally call "the Cold War."

Eugene V. Rostow

Utopia and Reality

Invitation to a Beheading. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15s.

The Hussar. By GREGOR VON REZZORI. *André Deutsch.* 18s.

Count Luna and Baron Bagge. By ALEXANDER LERNET-HOLENIA. *Anthony Blond.* 18s.

The Real Life of Sebastian Knight. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15s.

The Dear Deceit. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

Balcony in the Forest. By JULIEN GRACQ. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

A Crooked Sixpence By MURRAY SAYLE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 16s.

UTOPIA has become a bad word. Ever since Kafka introduced us to the unfortunate K., literature has sprouted a multitude of imaginary societies, each ruled by some more or less abstract principle and each more hideous than those which preceded it. The culmination of this proliferation is probably reached in Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four* where the technique of the Big Lie reigns supreme, oblitering all such minor distinctions as those of class and sex. We have indeed travelled a long way from More's rule of reason and of the virtues inherent in it.

Vladimir Nabokov evidently had the idea of adding to this literature of a tortured Utopia when he wrote *Invitation to a Beheading* in Russian back in the 1930s and my chief complaint is that he has shirked the opportunity. By setting the entire novel in the prison where the condemned man awaits his executioner, he obscures the social background to such an extent that it remains as impenetrable as Cincinnatus C. is accused of being. He does not even bother to establish the precise nature of C.'s crime and, except that in some vague way it has to do with being human, we are told no more about it. All we can be sure of is that C. is too ineffectual, too weak and too pusillanimous to be a dangerous revolutionary and this does give us some slight insight into a régime which feels that it must break such a butterfly upon a wheel. Then, too, in the figure of the vulgar, jovial little executioner Mr. Nabokov does create a singularly memorable grotesque who, if he is taken as a representative of the outside world, does that world very little credit. C.'s wife and mother, on the other hand, a stupid trollop and a shy, nice woman respectively, might belong to any society and are to be found plentifully in our own. That their characters should be so little affected by the totalitarian régime in which they live is a central inconsistency for which C.'s moaning over his inarticulateness cannot compensate. After having been told about the dehumanising vigour of the government, it is somewhat of a disappointment to discover that it has not succeeded in stamping out any single human vice or pettiness. Nor even human courage and virtue, for these remain intact in C.'s mother.

Perhaps, then, human nature is not to be altered by the decrees of the legislators but only by the gradual abrasions and degradations caused by the conflicts between different social groups forced, by physical proximity, to get on together. That, at any rate, is the thesis put forward by Gregor von Rezzori in his vast and complicated novel. I hesitate to call it "complex" because that would imply it to be well enough organised for no part of it to function independently of the others—which is, precisely, what doesn't happen. On the contrary an alarming number of cameos jostle with one another to catch the reader's eye and the narrative thread on which they are strung is so transparent a fraud that even the author is hard put to it to take it seriously. For the narrator is supposed to be a child or an adult remembering his childhood, yet the kind of things he remembers are the sort of thing no child would be interested in, far less remember—the lectures of Mr. Tarangolian, the racial situation in Tchernopol, the business *mores* of the city, and the sexual complications in several lives. Yet, with delightful inconsistency, there are one or two admirable vignettes of childhood, and I shall never forget the description of Madame Aritonovitch's *Institut d'Education* where the prime rule seems to have been Diaghileff's imperative *Etonne moi.* And through this shapeless magnificence there moves the enigmatically comic and tragic figure of the Hussar who goes about challenging everyone, from his commanding officer down, to a duel. It could have been very funny, but Herr von Rezzori has chosen to play it for tears rather than laughs

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and I find this somewhat fatuous attempt almost as appealing as the character of the Hussar himself—a character compounded of grandiose ideas of honour and a complete disregard or unawareness of such details as money, or rank, or sanity. The point of this character is that he is the Satan to Tchernopol's God—a kind of sly, deliciously humorous, very intelligent, completely egocentric and profoundly malicious ability to deflate the presumptions or ideals of everyone and anyone. For Tchernopol is an inverted Utopia too, or at least it is run on a single principle in the manner of all Utopias.

FROM UTOPIA IT MIGHT be thought a small step to Paradise. But Alexander Lernet-Holenia is too wise to fall into this illusion. He rightly thinks that the rigour of logic is relaxed in Paradise whereas it is strictly enforced in Utopia, and Paradise thus gains a dream-like aura very different from the mechanical organisation of Utopia. Indeed, he seems to be saying, in the first of these two long short stories that Paradise is a dream. By a pleasant irony, Baron Bagge's vision of Paradise takes place when he is in fact lying wounded on a bridge across which his crackpot commanding officer is leading a hopeless charge. Reality and dream are woven together with exquisite firmness so that the real begins to appear as the hallucination of the dream rather than the other way around. And I, at least, shared some of Baron Bagge's astonishment at waking and was as convinced as he that it could not have been all a dream—that he had in fact married a beautiful and accommodating girl at dead of night in a village that lay outside the war with no enemy to be found anywhere. But, if Herr Lernet-Holenia can create Paradise, he can also create a very convincing Hell. Again, in *Count Luna*, we find the same sustained fabric of fantasy and reality woven together. Only this time there is no question of a dream. Fantasy acquires reality and reality fantasy in equal measures. Thus, the Roman catacombs, which are the objective correlative of the Hell in Jessiersky's mind, are invested with a fantastic horror while his fantasies of persecution by a man he had inadvertently had sentenced to a concentration camp during the war acquire, by the detail with which they are constructed, a kind of circumstantial reality. This dual creation of a Heaven and a Hell in the two stories that make up this book represents a rare achievement.

With *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* we drop back to reality with a thud. This seems to me the best of Mr. Nabokov's books to date and it is so because it is the most central to his own experience. The search for the truth about his half-brother's life leads the narrator through Russia and Finland to Cambridge, Berlin, and Paris, all localities where Mr. Nabokov has lived and worked. At the same time there are none of the distortions which the sensational nature of the main situation in *Lolita* allows to mar his often pungent analysis of the American society where he now finds himself. Nor is he entirely enslaved by the limits of his own imagination as in *Bend Sinister* and *Invitation to a Beheading*. On the contrary he creates some lively and lifelike cameos—like the Cambridge don and the Parisian flirt—which are firmly rooted in the real world. Indeed, my only complaint is that he does not include more of the writings of Sebastian Knight which look very interesting from the brief glimpses he gives us of them.

Christine Brooke-Rose also describes the search for the truth about a character and, although Alfred Northbrook Hayley is a much less worthy person than Sebastian Knight, her purpose is basically more serious—in the metaphysical sense at least. It is nothing less than the revelation of original sin. Her technique is to start off the search and then present the results of the search in reverse, beginning with Hayley's death when about to face a suit for

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criminal libel and ending with a small boy stealing apples. The vicissitudes of Hayley's career are described with a considerable gusto which is somewhat impeded by a plethora of "atmospheric" details on such a wide range of subjects as the collection of erotic books and the lumber trade in America. This over-zealous documentation tends to hide the point so that it becomes obvious only on the last page—indeed, the last sentence. Hayley's son is told by a nun that he can always give away his father's legacy of guilt and we see for the first time that Hayley himself has given away the legacy of decency his parents left him. The queer ways in which guilt is transferred from generation to generation is thus called in question and it is difficult to see how Miss Brooke-Rose could have achieved this effect by any means other than the one she chose.

With Julien Gracq we are back in the half-world between dream and reality, but it is a very different half-world from that of Herr Lernet-Holenia. To begin with, there is, strictly speaking, no dream. M. Gracq's dreamlike substance emerges from the circumstances in which his hero finds himself—in an isolated post in the Ardennes during the "phoney" war. For days on end nothing happens. Then, as in Baron Bagge's case, a beautiful girl miraculously appears. An affair results. Gradually the war begins to encroach and the dream turns to nightmare. All this is described with great precision and, though I was never entirely convinced that all the events described actually happened, some of them have about them the inconsequentiality of the genuine—whether in dream or in life.

IT IS DIFFICULT to know where to place Murray Sayle's book on the scale which runs from extreme fantasy to extreme reality. I doubt if there is any paper quite as bad as the *Sunday Sun* though some of Mr. Sayle's episodes have about them an alarming authenticity. Outside the *Sun* office he lives in a London that never was, where young men of good families become landlords of furnished premises which promptly lose all their furniture to the bailiffs and where parties on Chelsea barges lead inevitably to seductions on empty barges conveniently moored nearby. But then, Mr. Sayle is rarely out of the *Sun* offices except for occasional visits to Manchester to collect such confessions as "I DID NOT BATTER MY LOVELY WIFE TO DEATH WITH A GOLF CLUB" or to Gillingham to interview trusting men-women who have changed their sex. It is certainly a very fanciful world that Mr. Sayle lives in but, as I have said, some of it is alarmingly authentic.

Burns Singer

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THE PRESS

A Dying Profession

I SPENT the nineteen-fifties in a dying profession. At different times during the decade, I was employed by the *Observer*, by *The Times*, and by the *Spectator*, and had a hair-raising experience on the *Daily Mail*, from which I only just escaped with my life. Although for different reasons, my experience on all of these papers has led me to conclude that British journalism declined during these years; nor do I believe that the decline shows any sign of being stopped. Unless the newspaper *industry* is forced, by the agony of further decline, into some drastic reconstruction, I cannot believe that the *profession* of journalism will survive. Proprietors may still employ managers, managers still employ editors, editors still employ writers—to produce magazine copy. But journalism will be dead.

WHEN THE NINETEEN-FIFTIES opened, I was on the staff of the *Observer*. I had reached there from the *Manchester Evening News*, for which I wrote leading articles under Mr. John Beavan and later under Mr. Tom Henry. The *Manchester Evening News*, when I joined it, was a serious popular newspaper, almost an instrument of popular education. This, certainly, was what its previous editor, Sir William Haley, had tried to make it: Mr. Beavan sought to carry on his work. Both of them made a good job of it. They were lucky, of course: their only competition was from a very mediocre Kemsley evening newspaper, and the spirit of the times was with them, the same spirit which helped to promote Penguin books before the war and the Army Bureau of Current Affairs during it, and which petered out some time between 1945 and 1949. But both of them were journalists with a simple flair. Sir William Haley has since told me that, in the *Manchester Evening News* in those days, the attempt to be popular was largely comprised in the effort to be intelligible. Fifteen years later, I still believe that there is no other concession to popularity which should, or need, be made.

With this personal "memoir of the 'fifties" by Mr. Henry Fairlie, said by many to have been the original "angry young man" who gave new currency to the phrase about "the Establishment," ENCOUNTER *inaugurates a new regular department on "The Press," in which various hands will take turns at critiques (all well within the current limits of the laws of libel, we trust) of contemporary journalism, both in this country and abroad.*

IT WAS during my time on the *Observer* that the magazine feature, "Table Talk," by Pendennis, was started. Indeed, its first editor was Mr. William Clark and I was his assistant. It was not until noon, on the Saturday before the column first appeared, that the decision to run it was taken. Many decisions in newspaper offices are taken in this apparently haphazard way, but this was a decision whose importance could hardly then be realised by the few of us who sat round Thackeray's old table from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and, as we stared at the inscribed brass plate in the middle, seized on the name of Pendennis.

"Table Talk," as can now be seen, was the effective beginning of the revolution which has overtaken both the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* in the past ten years. Atticus in the *Sunday Times* quickly followed Pendennis in the *Observer*, and since then the two newspapers have devoted most of their energies to competing in the steady proliferation of magazine features—for an ever-expanding and, therefore, less discriminating readership. Ten years ago, there was only Pendennis: now both newspapers have divided themselves into news and magazine sections of equal size. Nor is this all. In the issues of the two newspapers in front of me, the news section of the *Observer* includes such obviously magazine features as "Table Talk" and the weekly "Profile," and the news section of the *Sunday Times* carries a travel feature which occupies a full half page.

Among the several reasons which, no doubt, account for this change, the most important, in my view, is symbolised in the *Observer's* own feature, "The Week." It must have seemed a risky adventure to devote a whole page of a Sunday newspaper to a comprehensive summary of the week's news, but, by all accounts, the feature is one of the most popular in the *Observer* and could certainly not be dropped. It serves, for a different readership, much the same purpose as the "Notes of the Week" in the *Economist*: in other words, it provides a convenient summary of world events for people who do not have either the time or the inclination to follow them for themselves day by day. This, when all other factors such as display and style of writing are taken into account, is the essential difference between magazine journalism and the traditional journalism which it is ousting. Magazine journalism gives the reader pre-digested material; the older kind of journalism gave it to him raw.

IT SEEMS CERTAIN that fewer and fewer people in the future are going to have either the time or the inclination—certainly not the concentration—to take the raw material and make what they can of it themselves. It is already impossible to get a full report of a Parliamentary debate in any newspaper, and an adequate report of even a major debate is to he had only in *The Times*, *The Guardian* and, occasionally, the *Daily Telegraph*. The reporting of events in foreign countries is increasingly left until they have become pressing enough to justify send-

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ing a roving correspondent, whose expertness lies precisely in the rapid digestion of the facts (*sic*) of a situation and their presentation in a highly personalised form. This is as true, however different their motives and however widely separated their standards, of Mr. Patrick O'Donovan of the *Observer* as of Mr. René McColl of the *Daily Express*. The plain reporting of daily events, which assumes that people are ready to take the trouble to inform themselves and form their own judgments, has all but disappeared from British journalism, and would, one suspects, have disappeared altogether if it were not for the example set by *The Times*.

THE *Observer*, in the past ten years, has contributed much to journalism in this country: above all, it has been interested in good writing. But good journalistic writing is always in danger of falling into whimsy, of becoming either cosy or baroque, if it does not have as its foundation the austere presentation of simple facts. The *Observer*, the *Sunday Times* and, more than either, *The Guardian* have fallen into this trap. Mr. James Morris, a writer of rare and individual talent, has never written so well as when *The Times* compelled him to put the facts first and leave the flights of imagination to the last—where they could easily be cut by a ruthless sub-editor on the stone. One cannot help wondering whether, if he had been working for *The Guardian* instead of *The Times* at the time, he would not have forgotten to send the news that Everest had been climbed, and filed, instead, a happy little description of the sherpa and his background.

There is one outstanding example in the *Observer* of the way in which the insistence on reporting can discipline good writing. No journalist to-day has written so consistently well over so long a period of years as Mr. Hugh Massingham, its political correspondent. To me, at any rate, he is the master. He employs imagery, fantasy, wit, but they never pall and they never cloy. Not even the deadly boredom of British politics has defeated him. The reason, I think, is simple. He has never forgotten that his first job is to try to report what has happened during the previous week, and explain it. All his arts are employed to this purpose. He uses them to illustrate and interpret: they never become more important than the story he has to tell.

The Times is not just the best newspaper in the country; it is, to all intents and purposes, the only newspaper. No person who wishes to be reasonably informed of what is going on in the world dare be without it. This by no means frees it from criticism. Its omissions are sometimes startling, and too often they suggest that an editorial attitude, if not an editorial policy, has been allowed to intrude into its news columns. The world which it reports is strictly circumscribed, and it very rarely catches up with influential people until they have become top people. It has a predisposition to be on the side of authority, everywhere in the world, and to accept authority's premises and reasoning. (No one would ever look confidently to *The Times* for a defence of elementary civil rights.) One of the first things I noticed happening to me when I became a member of its staff was that I began to regard minorities and minority opinions as unimportant, ridiculous, even a little contemptible. Of course, this contempt in which minorities are held by *The Times* has one advantage: once a minority has become a majority, *The Times* can support it with a singular ease of mind, thus making every transference of power from one régime to another immediately acceptable. *De facto* is always, to *The Times*, more important than *de jure*.

I WAS EMPLOYED by *The Times* for four years, for most of the time as its political leader-writer, and, on reflection, I suppose they were the most rewarding days I have spent in journalism. It was part of my good fortune that two of these years were spent under the editorship of W. F. Casey and the following two under the editorship of Sir William Haley, thus enabling me to observe, at fairly close quarters, the beginning of a revolution.

The two men could not have been more different. Casey had spent most of his life on *The Times*: he represented the legend of *The Times* which Mr. Claud Cockburn has celebrated by recording every remembered anecdote and myth as if they were the mocking truth. *The Times* under Casey was still an office where one could reasonably expect to find sub-editors translating the *Georgics* freely into Spanish, where members of the City staff might spend their lunch-hours cataloguing parish registers at Guildhall, and where foreign correspondents not infrequently built small, independent empires for themselves, so that they might get on with the serious work of studying the influence of Roman civilisation on Dacia. All this under an editor who would much rather have been a playwright, and would never have referred to the editorship of *The Times*, as Sir William Haley was to do, as "the head of my profession." It would be wrong to dismiss this merely as an attractive amateurishness. Even under Casey, *The Times* has always had an unpretentious professionalism about it. It can collect news, handle news, and print news more quickly and with less fuss than any other newspaper I have known. Indeed, the comprehensive coverage given by *The Times* would be impossible without this expertness.

But the real mark of *The Times*, as I first knew it, was that it was still written primarily by members of a small informed circle for members of a small informed circle. The assumption made at every level was that *The Times* was publishing news and comment for people who were already well informed. There were very seldom "background" pieces, because it was assumed that the readers of *The Times* already had the background filled in. Casey moved with ease in this tradition, and he had accomplished an ingenious *Timesmanship* which it is hard to capture in print. But I recall going to his room one afternoon, and suggesting to him that we should have another leading article on the nationalisation of iron and steel, which was then before Parliament.

"Ah," said Casey, "I've just been having lunch with the Prime Minister"—the languor may have been cultivated, but it was effective; Casey liked

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young people, but he knew how to put them in their place—"and he tells me that he is going to announce to-morrow the formation of a new committee, to inquire into the production of steel for the re-armament programme. You might do a leader to-night proposing such a committee."

In those days, much of the exclusive news carried by *The Times* was to be found in the leading articles, and was rightly to be found there on the assumption that the informed were speaking to the informed.

SIR WILLIAM HALEY HAS changed all this. Some of his changes have made *The Times* a better newspaper; some have not. But the essential alteration in the character of *The Times* is that it no longer speaks with the accents of the informed speaking to the informed. The real point about the slogan, *"Top People Take* THE TIMES," is not that it is snobbish; but that it is not snobbish. In the old days, it would simply have been assumed that those who did not take *The Times* were not top people, by any definition, and were therefore not worth canvassing. There is scarcely a day now on which *The Times* does not carry a "background" article in its news pages, summarising and explaining in simple terms what previously it would have been thought a reader of *The Times* would have at his finger tips. Instead of addressing and influencing the informed and the influential, *The Times* now seems to regard its primary job as being to educate and guide the uninformed and the uninfluential.

Part of the reason for this change is to be found in the attitudes of Sir William Haley. His heroes lived in the nineteenth century which was, to him, an heroic age. He has absorbed many of the more common of nineteenth-century beliefs, but none more thoroughly than the conviction that education, especially self-education, may solve democracy's problems. While he edited the *Manchester Evening News*, he used to send the people of Manchester scurrying round to Sherratt and Hughes each week to buy the World's Classic which he had reviewed. After the war, he tried desperately to drag the people of Britain up from the Light Programme to the Third Programme. Now, he is using *The Times* for another experiment in adult education.

BUT, EVEN WITHOUT Sir William Haley, it is probable that *The Times* would have had to move in the same direction, although not with the same conviction. The small circle of informed and influential men whom *The Times* used to address no longer exists; public policy is now created by a circle which is much wider, much less well informed and whose members, individually, are much less influential. No one can really blame *The Times* for trying, some months ago, to get rid of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, or even for giving the impression that either its editor or its political correspondent had been present when the Prime Minister took his Foreign Secretary by the arm, and murmured, "Enough is enough." But, as little as thirty, perhaps even twenty, years ago, the departure of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd would have seemed as inevitable, after *The Times* had spoken, as the appointment of the committee on steel production appeared to be after one inspired leading article.

The effect on the character of the writing in *The Times* has been increasingly noticeable. With a few notable exceptions, the foreign correspondence of *The Times* has lost the personal authority which used to be its hall-mark. It is true that when one sees the signature of its correspondent in Bonn, one folds back the page immediately, knowing that one will be taken straight into the Chancery. It is true that a word about the colonies in *The Times* has usually come from some horse's mouth. But the list is not much longer than that. For the most part, the correspondents of *The Times* seem now to be pounding the same beat and doing the same job as their opposite numbers on other newspapers. The personal character and the personal authority of the foreign correspondence of *The Times* in the old days derived from the fact that a correspondent of *The Times* knew that he was writing for people who did not need to be educated and who knew how to read between the lines. These personal qualities cannot be maintained when he is writing for a general audience which requires education and even simple elucidation.

THERE ARE, AS KEYNES REMARKED, two kinds of opinion which matter in a democracy: an informed opinion, created by ministers, politicians, civil servants, academics, businessmen, and some journalists; and what is generally known as public opinion. The interaction between the two is what helps to ensure, on the one hand, that public policy will be intelligent and consistent, and, on the other, that it will be popularly acceptable. But this interaction cannot take place if the serious newspapers stop addressing the informed in the language of the informed, and begin to address the community instead. Serious journalism in this sense is ceasing to exist in Britain. I increasingly find that those who wish to keep fully informed of current events read at least one of the daily American newspapers. Although *The Guardian* does not really come into the terms of reference of this article, I cannot omit pointing out that recently it has dramatically surrendered many of its inside pages to magazine journalism at its most blatant.

BUT THERE are still the serious weeklies. Or are there? I joined the *Spectator* at the moment it changed hands. The new hands, we were led to believe, were to fashion it into a low-church, conservative journal. By the time I left it, it was low-church only at Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas, and conservative almost never, and then only apologetically. To-day, it can well claim to be a non-party paper, in the sense that no one would accuse it of having an organised opinion. It can also, I think, claim to be a non-political paper. Its interest in politics is largely a marginal one. It is marginal issues—capital punishment, homosexuals, mental health, the laws of obscenity and libel—which interest it. It is marginal politicians—Mr. Roy Jenkins, Mr. Christopher Hollis, and Mr. Desmond Donnelly—whom it consults as weighty authorities. For the rest, it seems to develop its political energies to erecting glasshouses, and then sitting down in-

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side them and throwing stones. Its editor is an Irishman.

The *Spectator* is one of the few safely established organs of opinion in the country. But it has recently forfeited all claim to influence public policy or public attitudes, primarily by divorcing itself from every organised body of opinion, from every intellectual or political discipline, in the country. Now, a paper may do this and still exercise some influence, if its editor and contributors themselves hold some consistent philosophy or attitude, althought even then the precedents are not very encouraging. But even this cannot be claimed for the *Spectator* to-day. It tinkers with politics, and this is what it has elected to do; to leave the great highways along which the main traffic of opinion in Britain flows, in order to do a little cobbling and patching in the hedgerows. It is a fairly startling decline from the position of influence it once held under St. Loe Strachey.

THIS DIVORCE from the main streams of thought in this country accounts for the decline, not only of the *Spectator*, but of all the weeklies. The *New Statesman* still benefits from its loose association with the Labour Party, but even that salutary discipline more often irritates it into acts of petty defiance instead of informing and instructing it, as any association with authority and responsibility should. The *Economist* has lately lost any appearance of a coherent philosophy, such as it once had: its attitudes seem to be the result of *ad hoc* compromises between a sentimental liberalism, on the one hand, and an equally sentimental *realpolitik*, on the other. All three have mistakenly imagined that intelligent, instructive, and influential journalism can thrive without a coherent public philosophy. All three have forgotten that such a philosophy is most likely to be found in association with one or other of the historically established bodies of public opinion and attitudes in the country. All three lack any sense of history.

THERE IS A DESPERATELY important task for the weeklies to do. They could supply the independent, critical voice which is seldom heard on the back benches now. They would claim that they are doing this. But, in fact, independent and critical though they may be, their influence is negligible. This was proved, beyond doubt, at the last general election, when those of us, not only in the weeklies, who were making the serious intellectual protest against the Conservatives' cynicism and complacency, found ourselves firmly beaten. The reason, I think, is clear. Rebellion tends to be uninteresting unless it is rebellion within a discipline. All political journalism must, to some extent, be rebellion: must be the expression of independent and critical minds, which need not suffer the kind of disciplines imposed on those who seek, and exercise, power. But, although journalism need not suffer these particular disciplines, it must be nourished by the grand discipline which comes from association with one of the two main parties in the country: and only then will it, in turn, nourish them. But the weeklies shy away from association with either of the parties, or, as in the case of the *New Statesman*, resent it. Even worse, they tend to shy away from politics itself, to scoff at the political process. This has been particularly true of the *Spectator*, in recent years, which has indulged in a kind of dramatic criticism of politics which the theatre may deserve, but which politics does not. All three of them have condemned themselves to a position of permanent opposition to politics itself: they can scarcely complain that, in the process, they have lost their political influence.

I WROTE for the *Daily Mail* for four years. During almost all that time, I was allowed to write freely, by which I mean that my political opinions, even when they directly contradicted those of the newspaper, were published without editorial or proprietorial interference. It was only towards the end of my association with the *Daily Mail* that any article of mine was excluded for political reasons. By then the distance between my views and those of the paper had become so large that my contact with the office became infrequent to the point of rarity. The *Daily Mail* probably allowed me more freedom as a political writer, even during a general election, than has been granted by a popular newspaper to anyone else for a generation. I hope, therefore, that I can write about the character of popular newspapers without entering into the vexed question of proprietorial control over opinion. It has always seemed to me that words can be used skilfully enough to enable a proprietor to find them acceptable even if he does not agree with them. If he does not find them acceptable, I see no cause for complaint. After all, it *is* his newspaper.

No, the real complaint that I have against popular newspapers is that they consistently underestimate the intelligence of their readers. They underestimate it in a way which destroys all good journalism. The fundamental assumption made by

Persons & Papers

A question has been raised [*in* The Observer, *which called public attention to the "interesting version" and* The Times' *"discreet variation"*] *as to the accuracy of the report of the answer to a question made by Mr. Randolph Churchill in cross-examination on October 25* (The Times, *October 26*).

The words as reported, which follow verbatim the reporter's shorthand note were: "Yes, a person called Sir William Haley who produces a fourpenny paper called The Times. *I think* The Times *is usually more reliable than the other papers. . . ." Neither the reporter nor counsel sitting near the reporter heard the words which followed and the principal news-agency's representative made no note of the answer.*

The transcript of the court shorthand-writer, who was in a better position to hear the answer, gives it as follows: "Yes, a fellow called William Haley who produces a 4d. newspaper day after day. I read it every day as I do other papers, but The Times *is the most reliable—except for the* Manchester Guardian."

THE TIMES, *1 November*

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all popular newspapers is that people will only read about serious matters, if they are presented boldly, in terms of black and white. This kills all thought, and when thought goes, so does good writing, or the attempt at good writing. The most interesting thing about a person's idea is, not that he holds it, but how he holds it, and why. The statement, "I believe in God," is, on the whole, uninteresting. It becomes interesting, and worth considering, only when a person adds his own personal qualifications: "I believe in God, because . . .", or, "I believe in God, but. . . ." Popular journalism to-day is not interested in the qualifications and subtleties of personal opinions. It is not proprietorial or editorial opinion which the journalist has eventually to contend with: those he is either strong enough to master, or not. The real control over opinion in popular newspapers is exerted by the whole, inbred, conception of what a popular newspaper should be: namely, that it should address a mass readership as if it has a mass mind which can be harangued, but never persuaded, which can be shouted at, but never whispered to, which can recognise black and white, but never grey.

The real moment to sit up and take notice in a popular newspaper is not when the editor or proprietor says: "I will not allow this opinion in the paper." The dangerous, usually unnoticed, moment comes when one starts to obey the dreadful and demoralising injunction: "Make it strong;" or, "A good, tough, controversial piece, that is what we need to-day." And the cuts, those cuts. They seem, at first, as if they had been made with great care for one's opinions: indeed, one's opinions emerge even more strongly than when one wrote them. But that is precisely the point. Every subtlety, every qualification, every doubt has been excised. It is no longer one's whole opinion which emerges, but a black-and-white caricature of it. Again, this is not done deliberately, but only in response to the outdated conception that what the mass of the people want is strong meat with a lot of strong language accompanying it.

I BELIEVE this is only one sign—the one which concerned me most, personally—that the popular newspapers are lagging far behind the times. You would think they had never heard of the Education Act of 1902, let alone the Education Act of 1944. You would think that they had never noticed the passing of the hustings from British politics, or the passing of the demagogue. You would think they were unaware that to-day in Britain opinions are no longer based on great tribal feelings and instincts, but have become a matter of argument, and carefully balanced argument, in almost every home in the country. You would think they had never heard of television, for, whatever else television may have done, it has introduced into every home in the country the habit of listening to argument—a habit which will probably, in the long run, have a dramatic effect on politics. But all I am suggesting now is that it is about time it had some effect on popular newspapers. The mass of people to-day are aware of, and are becoming increasingly able to handle in their own minds, different shades of opinions. If popular newspapers had their wits about them, they would realise that shades of opinions are far more interesting than simple statements of opinion: and they would realise, also, that the exploration of shades of opinion encourages good writing far more than the bombastic approach which they ask now.

FOR SEPARATE BUT CONNECTED reasons, therefore, journalism seems to be in a steep decline: a decline which probably began soon after the first World War. There may be many reasons for this, but the simplest and most important is the subjection of the editor. He is increasingly becoming the cipher of the managerial floor. Although most of this article was written before the collapse of the *News Chronicle*, that sad but predictable event only confirms what I have written. It is widely acknowledged that the *News Chronicle* folded because of a failure of management. If other newspaper managers persist in substituting for good journalism their own conception of a saleable printed commodity, they too will fail. Journalists are no longer trusted to produce good papers.

Henry Fairlie

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LETTERS

T.L.S.

MR. SPENDER's attack in the November ENCOUNTER on the two articles about the novel in the *T.L.S.* "British Imagination" number shifts position so mercurially that it is hard to find a firm point from which to answer him.

There is nothing, no no, never nothing
Like the clashed edges of two words that kill

and a good many of Mr. Spender's words kill each other. Thus, in these two articles, "imagination is the name for the advertising," meaning I suppose that the articles are a sort of puff for British writers: but it is a queer kind of advertising, for at the same time these articles maintain that "Americans are better than us at everything and write more about it." So, also, having evolved a theme in advance I have tried to fit in as many books and authors as possible, cramming them all into one list with perverted ingenuity: yet I have not been ingenious enough, for in Mr. Spender's view I have left out a good many novelists whose work should have been considered, including Joyce, Forster, and Lawrence Durrell. And then I am much at fault in ignoring "the poetic novel" but the fact that I have discussed one "poetic novelist" (I use inverted commas to show that the label is Mr. Spender's and not mine), William Golding, simply aggravates the fault. This is a piece of cunning, just one exception thrown in to prove my non-existent rule that the best novelists are those without imagination. For that, it turns out, is really what I am looking for and praising: *un*imaginative novelists. "The characteristic of these two articles is that . . . they contain almost no discussion of those novelists who would seem to be distinguished by the qualities of the imagination." Had H. G. Wells's scientific romances no imaginative qualities? And the authors of *The Childermass* and *The Power and the Glory*, do they lack imagination? And is not *The Music of Time*, in one of its aspects, a wonderful reconstruction of a vanished society? Oh, Mr. Spender! Aren't you saying simply that imagination means what you want it to mean?

Many of Mr. Spender's points, then, cancel each other, and are in that sense unanswerable. But there apparently remains some ground for misunderstanding the nature and intention of these articles. ("That piece about 'The Workaday World' was the worst article on the novel I have ever read," a woman novelist said to me with a candour not less pleasing because of my anonymity.) May I have a little space to say something about the genesis and purpose of these articles?

I was asked to write roughly 5,000 words about the modern British novel, with particular reference to the role of the imagination. It was suggested to me that this might conveniently be divided into two articles. No other restriction was imposed upon me. I was not, as Mr. Spender supposes, "asked to discuss a Theme, fitting in as many books as possible which could be made relevant to it." I am entirely responsible for what he calls the "theme-weaving" motives of the articles: indeed, except for the fact that the printing of an article in any periodical implies to a certain extent editorial acquiescence in its contents, I am entirely responsible for these articles.

What are the particular characteristics of the British imagination in the field of the novel to-day? What is there that is singularly *British* about our novelists? Two unique things, it seems to me, are our treatment of class and our attitude towards comedy. No other nation's novelists, so far as I know, have been so permanently fascinated as ours by the interweavings and oscillations of class relationships, nor have so many serious novelists in other countries treated sexual, financial, and family disaster as material for comedy. These broad highways seem to me to have been the most profitable paths for imaginative British novelists since the war. Those who diverge from them may be original, fantastic, lively, but they seem to me not peculiarly British writers, and it seems to me also that most of them are not very good novelists.

Upon these themes I built. I should have thought that anybody who wrote an article about the modern novel must go in either for theme-weaving or cataloguing. Certainly if I had dropped in the names of all those writers mentioned by Mr. Spender, my articles would have been little more than a catalogue. Or consider Mr. Spender's suggestion that a proper subject for the whole number, including the articles on the novel, might have been the "debate between the Romantic and the Johnsonian imagination, or perhaps it would be better to say between the 18th century and the rest." Starting from such a point as *that*, what an orgy of theme-weaving one would almost inevitably have gone in for. My objection to that particular theme would have been that it has no relevance at all to the British novel to-day. (And let me add parenthetically what should be obvious, that Joyce was left out because he has very little direct influence in this country now—of course, if one were writing an essay on "Great Prose Writers of the Century" he would have been included.) My theme-weaving was meant to elucidate the most interesting things happening in the novel *to-day* and the most likely developments in the future.

I chose as a starting point Orwell's remark about the fact that in Dickens' novels "anything in the nature of work happens off-stage," because it illuminates interestingly some of the things that our novelists take for granted when they sit down at their desks. It is really wilfully obtuse or perverse to say that the novelists are "faulted" for this —that is just about as true as it would be to say that Orwell "faulted" Dickens.

Mr. Spender's piece is full of remarks like this. Why, when he reads the statement that C. P. Snow's novels are concerned with bureaucratic man, should he ask: "Praise or denigration?" Why doesn't he accept the statement as an observation which has relevance to Snow's work? And to suggest that "Galsworthy, Francis Brett Young, and other fabricators of fictional time-reporting epics" were

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also concerned with "bureaucratic man" in the same sense as Snow is really nonsensical.

The trouble is that Mr. Spender and other hostile critics have been concerned less with what is in these articles than with what the articles would have been like had they written them. Mr. Spender, as it seems to me, is truly interested only in novels that aspire to some quality of poetic imagination: it is this, surely, that prompts his remark about Snow (praise or denigration? well, there needn't be much doubt about which he has in mind), and that makes him rate so highly the overwrought, overwritten, and essentially artificial novels of Lawrence Durrell. But this aspiration to write "poetic novels" —novels in which, very often, the writing shines so brightly that you can hardly see the characters through it—has been one of the curses of British fiction. Just occasionally a poetic novel, an allegorical novel, comes off, as *Lord of the Flies* comes off, but poetic novels in English are more often disastrously pretentious and dull.

What our time cries out for, as it seems to me, is a talent that can comprehend all the changing forms of British society. The new towns, the great office slabs, the new housing "complexes" for executive types; the new attitudes towards family, work, morals; the shadow of "benevolent" authority covering all of our lives, like the skin over milk; the regimentation whose subtleties we accept, even while we shout about our independence; the problems posed by nuclear bombs and atomic bases: all these things ask for the talents of a Wells or a Bennett, better still a Zola or a Balzac, rather than for technical experiment or poetic fantasy. The novelist who can comprehend this world and make serious moral statements about it will not lack imagination.

As you will know I have to sign myself

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON THE NOVEL

Times Literary Supplement, London

Koestler, Yoga, Zen

DESPITE all the travelling, background study, discussion and observation that must have gone into Arthur Koestler's articles on Yoga and Zen, he has not succeeded, I feel, in doing an honest reporting job on these subjects. There are two elements in his attitude, particularly, that seem to me to be definite handicaps in carrying out an enquiry of this kind.

The first is his own evident desire to be saved from cynicism provided someone can produce sufficiently compelling evidence for a working religious faith. This may sound like a receptive state of mind; but combined with Mr. Koestler's equally strong fear of being duped, it results in a kind of inverted gullibility—a need to have everything so patently demonstrated that the sort of evidence he is seeking amounts to a sceptic's wish-fulfilment fantasy.

The second handicap is his determinedly logical and analytical approach—fair enough in Western surroundings, but hardly the way to get far with Dr. Suzuki! Mr. Koestler recognises that Zen aims at a non-logical, non-analytical mode of experiencing, but he nevertheless clings tightly to the logical and analytical approach himself in examining Zen's claims. Dr. Suzuki would surely make less exasperating reading for him if he resigned himself at the outset not to expect a logical exposition, but rather an attempt (invariably unsuccessful, no doubt) to suggest the whereabouts of Zen experience by ringing it round, as it were, with logical statements that don't apply to it.

The main question is whether the experiences described in Yoga and Zen are really experienced by anyone and, if so, are of importance, It is here that I find Mr. Koestler's articles so disappointing. He does not seem to have tried to get inside any of the unusual states of consciousness he was told about, thereby being in a position perhaps to evaluate them in Western psychological terms—which would certainly have been valuable. One would not normally expect a reporter actually to experiment with what he is writing about, but in this field it does seem necessary, if only to know what one *is* writing about.

EDWARD H. OWEN

Shortlands, Kent

I HAVE read "Yoga Unexpurgated" by Mr. Arthur Koestler in your August issue. In my opinion Mr. Koestler has been malicious. He has presented the subject in such a perverse manner that it can obviously do immense harm to Yoga and all that India stands for. I have been practising Yoga and am also a student of its theoretical and philosophical aspects. I am, therefore, writing an 18-to-20 pages (one side foolscap, double-spaced) article in order to correct the false impression which Mr. Koestler has tried to create. I will be sending this article to you shortly, and in the meantime you may kindly reserve space for it in one of your early future issues. . . .

K. L. SONDHI

Bombay

IT IS true that Zen has become fashionable and therefore ripe for the stick. But let it be the Master's stick, and let the blow be struck to awaken. Mr. Koestler is not a Master, and his blows do not awaken. His attitude is all too clearly shown in these quotations. First, "For instance, if a Zen Master suddenly barked at me, 'Stop that ship on the distant ocean,' I should answer without turning a hair: 'Don't worry, I have just dropped an iceberg in front of it.'" This answer would have earned Mr. Koestler a solid whack with the stick, and the ship would sail on undeterred, for it is evidence not of understanding, but of a gift for the smart rejoinder. Second, he kindly explains two koans for us and then remarks, "The third I leave to the reader to meditate upon." Well, the reader has meditated and reached the conclusion that Mr. Koestler doesn't understand Zen.

J. B. PICK

Leicester

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Hypnosis Explained?

Dr. Eysenck, for whom I have the highest regard, is quite right ["Hypnosis Explained?" Encounter, February] that a study relating the ease of conditioning in a subject with the degree of hypnotic susceptibility with that same subject may well be an important finding. While I agree that we would no longer have to define Y (hypnosis) in terms of Z (complete unknown) *but* in defining Y in terms of X (conditioning), there still remain a number of puzzling questions. This is indicated by the statement of Dr. Eysenck that the facts of conditioning "may be" relevant to a theory of hypnosis and by the very fact that the title of his article contains a question mark. What determines the ease of conditioning—or is this merely a paraphrase of the question concerning the ease of hypnotisability?

I well remember, when associated with the Cornell Behaviour Farm, working with three pigs (litter mates) whose individual behaviour (elicited by conditioning) could have led to the formulation of three distinct theories. Ease of conditioning or its lack seemed to be an important variable. What is the unconditioned stimulus in operative anæsthesia when it is used for the first time? It is difficult to accept an answer given in terms of the "mediation of language." What of the distinction of voluntary and involuntary responses of which Dr. Eysenck so clearly warns when he implies that we should construct an experiment which we have no way of imitating voluntarily? Does not his own experiment (showing the relationship between ease of conditioning and hypnotisability, violate this distinction?

While I would agree with Dr. Eysenck that there is a light "at the end of the tunnel," it is a flickering one.

F. L. Marcuse

Department of Psychology,
Washington State University

The Pukey

In the circles to which I am privy (small, but undeniably vocal) it appears that the "pukey" is on its way to becoming a symbol, more so than "failure of the synapses," "Epsilon-minus," or "soma," of the brave new world. Neither "telly," nor "culture-box," nor several other equivalents in the same manner can convey the utter odium imparted by "pukey," a word which bids fair to take its rightful place in the language of common usage.

My sincere compliments to you for publishing a *tour de force* which has neglected no aspect of this slow devourer of minds. I would predict that "The Pukey" [Encounter, July] will emerge, in a small but unforgettable way, as a classic of contemporary social satire. As Mr. Dennis so remorselessly remarked in his last sentence, "and they all laughed at this because it was so true."

Rosemary Neiswender

Santa Monica, California

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AUTHORS

Philip Williams *writes of himself*: "Born 1920 and educated at the Stationers Company's School (Hornsey, Middlesex) and Trinity College, Oxford. . . . 1940–1946: served in the Army, mainly overseas (Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt, Italy, and Greece).... Returned to Oxford in 1946, and have been teaching there ever since: Lecturer at Trinity College, 1946–1950; Fellow of Nuffield, 1950–1953, and a Fellow of Jesus, 1953–1958. Since 1958 I have been back at Nuffield as Ford Fellow in European Politics....

"My main interest is in France, and I am the author of *Politics in Post-war France* (Longmans, 1954); the French section of *Elections Abroad* (edited D. E. Butler, Macmillan, 1959; written in collaboration with Martin Harrison); *De Gaulle's Republic* (in collaboration with Martin Harrison, Longmans, 1960)....

"Spent fifteen months in America in 1956–7 at the University of Wisconsin and at Columbia.... Visited Algeria in September, 1959, and hope to be there again by the time the article appears on the bookstalls...."

Iris Murdoch has published four well-known novels in recent years, *Under the Net*, *The Flight from the Enchanter*, *The Sandcastle*, and *The Bell* (all with Chatto and Windus). She lectures in philosophy at St. Anne's College, is married to John Bayley (who also teaches at Oxford), and asks us to note that "my argument owes much to the ideas of my husband...."

David Marquand is a young journalist now on the staff of *The Guardian*.... **Reinhold Niebuhr** is the distinguished American writer and theologian.... **John Wain's** most recent book is a collection of short stories entitled *Nuncle* (Macmillan).... **Eugene V. Rostow** is Dean of the Yale Law School and spent the past year teaching at Cambridge University.

Christopher Hollis *writes of himself*: "Born, 1902. Educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and then after going round the world as a member of the Oxford Union Debating Society, taught for some years at Stonyhurst College. In the four years before the war was attached to faculty of Notre Dame University (Indiana) and lectured extensively all over the United States.... During the war served in the R.A.F. (Squadron-Leader) and was in the Mediterranean and North Africa. In 1945 entered Parliament as Conservative Member for Devizes and remained in Parliament until 1955.... Author of numerous books, including *Italy in Africa*, and articles in many periodicals. At present on the table of *Punch* and regular contributor to *The Spectator*. Also occasional contributor to the *New Yorker*, the *Reporter*, and other American magazines.... Visited Kenya last year...."

For our own part, we certainly would not want to put any additional words into the mouths of either Mr. Hollis or his Kenya tribesman reflecting on "The Wind of Change," but another African observer—Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, in her recent book called *A New Earth: An Exponent in Colonialism* (Chatto & Windus)—offers the following not unpertinent remark:

"It becomes continually more difficult to sustain a conviction that the introduction of money, literacy, taxes, votes, the doctrine of work and the religion of materialism; that the suppression of cattle-raids, magic, dancing, sacrifices and indigenous justice; that the end of contentment and the beginning of *angst*; that all these aspects of civilisation have made life happier and fuller for the tribesmen. When they have turned their arrows into duodenal ulcers, their *kokwet* councils into political parties, their cattle-raids into football matches, their virgins into strip-tease artists, will they be better off?..."

We are grateful to **Edward Ardizzone** for permission to reproduce the "Press" and "London Commentary" vignettes on pages 42 and 80.

Index to Volume XV

The Index to Volume XV (July–December, 1960) will shortly be available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

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